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MICHAEL SERVETUS.

THE 27th of October is marked with blood, in the religious calendar, as the anniversary of the martyrdom of one of the first victims of Protestant persecution. The story is one of the most affecting of any to be found in the dark annals of religious intolerance; and it ought to be recounted over and over, till time brings about its revenges.

Michael Servetus was born in 1509, at Villa Nuova in Aragon. His father was a notary; and he sent his son to Toulouse for the study of the civil law. But, in the general ferment of opinions, his inquisitive mind plunged with deepest interest into questions of theology. He acquired a competent knowledge of ancient languages, and was said to be "quite crammed with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." When only twenty-two years of age, he published a tract "Concerning the Errors of the Trinity;" and, in the year following, "Two Books of Dialogues concerning the Trinity;" in which the Orthodox doctrine was unsparingly assailed. At this time, his circumstances were depressed; and he lived an unsettled and wandering life.

In the city of Lyons, the traveller, even at this day, passes through a long, crooked, dark street, "overhung, on either side, with tall houses," which shut out the sun. On this street, in 1540, lived a bookseller by the name of Frellon, a

friend, or at least a correspondent, of John Calvin. He kept in a secret apartment heretical books, which he would not offer for sale to his fellow-citizens for fear of the inquisitor, but which he procured for strangers, from Germany and Switzerland. Hither came Michael Servetus, and for some time was employed by Frellon as a proof-reader. Having procured the means by his earnings, he went to Paris, and studied physic; and he carried into that science the same ardor which distinguished him in his theological studies. His skill and acquirements became conspicuous; and he made a near approach to the discovery of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which afterwards rendered famous the name of Hervey. He graduated at Paris, and repaired to Charlieu, near Lyons, where he practised as a physician three years. At this time, he fell in with the archbishop of Vienne, a noble Catholic prelate whom he had known at Paris, who was fond of patronizing the votaries of learning, whose heart had warmed towards Servetus, and whose purse had opened for his relief. The disposition of Servetus was gay and social: he made friends, who honored him for his learning, and loved him for his goodness of heart. The archbishop invites him to Vienne, and even offers him lodgings in his palace. He accepts the invitation, and goes. Bright prospects open before him; for, both at Lyons and at Vienne, he had won the ardent friendship of the people. "A man of the world, he knew how to please and to gain affection."

Beside the archiepiscopal palace at Vienne stood the printing-office of one Gaspard Treschel, who also had been drawn there by the liberal patronage of the Catholic prelate. Dreams of a literary and professional career, congenial to his tastes and habits, are dawning upon the "learned Spaniard." He had already published an edition of "Ptolemy," and he now meditates a second; and already, in his brain, he arranges a fine Latin inscription to his beloved Mæcenas, the good archbishop of Vienne: "Princes who command the world must be acquainted with the world." His "Ptolemy"

goes through a second edition under the patronage of the archbishop, and gains for him abundant applause.

Meanwhile, both at Paris and at Lyons, Servetus had been in correspondence with John Calvin at Geneva. They discussed the doctrine of the Trinity: the discussion became warm and insulting on both sides, and was in the virulent spirit of those times. Calvin became angry, and dropped the correspondence. Calvin hoarded his anger; but Servetus is incapable of malice, and wonders, with admirable simplicity, why Calvin has ceased to write to him. He even gets Frellon to write to Calvin for an explanation of the mystery. Calvin calls him a "Satan," and already thirsts for his blood. He writes to Viret, "If ever he come to Geneva, he shall not go thence alive: this is my fixed resolution." Servetus is full of banter, but has no gall in his nature. He makes himself merry over the system of predestination, and the logic of Calvin's "Institutes," laughs at the *free necessity* invented at Geneva to explain the sin of Adam, but is ready to shake hands with the reformer.

Servetus continues at Vienne in the practice of medicine; and what leisure he can get from his patients he devotes to learning and theology. After his second edition of "Ptolemy" has appeared, he devotes four years to a theological treatise, in which his system is carefully matured. In 1553 he published his "Christianity Restored," in which both the doctrine of the Trinity and the logic of Calvin are assaulted anew. "In the ninth book, he condenses in a few pages," says a Catholic writer, "the most graphic refutation ever made of the Calvinistic fatalism." He is less malignant in his abuse than Calvin, though he deals it out without mercy.

This book was printed at Vienne; but the name of neither author nor printer, nor of the city, was attached to it. It was a large octavo of seven hundred pages, eight hundred copies of which were struck off. Servetus sent some copies to Frellon. Frellon sent one to Calvin.

Calvin's hate becomes lurid. His thirst for blood blazes up anew, and he contrives a net for his prey.

There was a French refugee at Geneva by the name of Trie, under the protection and in the confidence of Calvin. Trie has a cousin at Lyons, a merchant and a good Catholic, by the name of Arneys. They keep up a loving correspondence: Arneys trying to bring back his dear cousin to the true church; Trie, however, keeping close under the wing of Calvin. Arneys tells Trie of the licentious tendencies of the doctrines of the Reformers. Whereupon Trie writes a long, pious letter, retorting upon Arneys, that they, the Catholics, are harboring a wicked heretic at Vienne; that his name is Michael Servetus, and that he ought to be burned. He exhorts with much holy horror that he be brought to justice. He sends with the letter four leaves of the "*Christianity Restored*," which *Frellon* had sent to Calvin as proof against the heretic.

Straightway the detached leaves and the letter of Trie are put into the hands of the inquisitor, — Matthew Ory. But what can be done? The four sheets sent by Trie are not evidence enough. Wait a while. Arneys writes again to Trie, and Trie goes to Calvin, and Calvin furnishes the complete volume for the inquisitor. Still the proof is not sufficient. The book has no name of author, place, or printer. Arneys writes again. Calvin mouses among his private letters, finds some from Servetus which assert the same heresies, and serve to identify the author of the volume; and he basely gives them up to the inquisitor. He also acts as informer, generally, to Master Matthew Ory. This is enough; and the toils are woven about the victim. Servetus is in the hands of Master Ory, and safely lodged in prison at Vienne.

To the prison there was a garden, and in the garden a platform, and from the platform was an easy leap into an outer yard, and from the outer yard, the door was left open. The Catholic inquisitors are more merciful than the Genevan. Probably the influence of the good archbishop can be traced here. At any rate, they put Servetus into prison with the doors left open. They allowed him a servant, and ordered that he should be treated "honestly, and according to his

station." Servetus walked into the garden, jumped from the platform into the yard, walked leisurely through the open door, and went, laughing and whistling, on his way.

Whither will he go? It is his plan to go to Naples, and there resume his practice of the healing art. He should have gone through Piedmont; but a strange fascination, like that of the serpent over the fluttering bird, drew him aside through Switzerland. Perhaps he feared to fall again into Catholic hands. Doubtless he was as yet ignorant of the fact, that Calvin was the fox who had started the hounds upon his trail. He appears at Geneva, stops at the tavern called the "Rose," and speaks for a barge to transport him across the lake. But the lake is in commotion, and his departure is delayed.

Calvin's hungry eye is upon him, and he feels malicious delight that the victim is in his power. "One of the Sid-nics," writes Calvin, "*at my instigation (me auctore)*, ordered him to be led to prison." They find an accuser by the name of La Fontaine; and Calvin selects for the accuser's counsel one Colladon, a fiery, blood-thirsty man, who often discharged the double office of jurist, and hangman's valet. An accusation, containing thirty-nine articles, is prepared against him; and it is proof of the malignity of the prosecution that one of the charges is founded on an extract from his edition of "Ptolemy," in which the Holy Land is called sterile and unsightly. "An atheistical speech," said one of the judges. "I have done nothing but translate it," said Servetus: "It is Ptolemy who is the Atheist."—"I was very glad," says Calvin, "to stop the mouth of this miscreant, and I asked him why he had indorsed the labor of another; and so much was this vile dog confounded by such pressing reasons, that he could only snarl, and say there was no harm in this."

The heretic appeared from time to time before his judges: Calvin confronts him, and browbeats him, and mounts the pulpit, to inflame the passions against him. Personal hate and revenge are manifest through the whole trial. They try to find something against his private life, but in vain.

"Why have you declaimed so violently against Calvin?" This question reveals the *animus* of the trial.

"Calvin's language," replies Servetus, "has been greatly more violent than mine."

The judges hesitate, and fear to bring his blood upon their heads. They request Calvin to furnish a formal refutation of his errors. Calvin employed nearly fifteen days in this work. In the mean while, Servetus lay in his prison upon straw, devoured by vermin. He addressed the following letter to his judges, appealing to their justice and humanity:—

MY VERY HONORED SEIGNIORS,—I very humbly entreat you to be pleased to abridge these long delays, or liberate me from this prosecution. You perceive that Calvin is at the end of his devices. Not knowing what to say, he, for his own gratification, seeks to keep me in prison, that I may rot here. I am devoured alive by vermin. My garments are torn; and I have no change of doublet, and no shirt but a very mean one. I have presented to you another supplication, which was drawn up according to God; and, to defeat it, Calvin has alleged Justinian. Certainly he is unfortunate in citing against me what he does not himself believe. This is a great shame for him, and still greater, because now have elapsed five weeks that he has kept me here strongly imprisoned, and never has brought forward a single passage against me.

My lords, I had also demanded of you a lawyer or advocate, as you had allowed to my opponent, who did not need one so much as I do, since I am a stranger, and ignorant of the customs of the country. Nevertheless, you have allowed one to him, and not to me, and have liberated him from prison before the cause had been investigated. I request my case to be transferred to the Council of the Two Hundred, together with my supplications; and, if I can appeal there, I do appeal, protesting for all expenses, damages, and interests, and for the *pæna talionis** (law of retaliation) against the first accuser, as against his master Calvin, who has made his cause his own.

Done in your prisons at Geneva, this 15th of September, 1553.

MICHAEL SERVETUS,

In his own cause.

No answer was returned.

* This, at the time, was the legal right of the prisoner in the Genevan courts of justice.

Sept. 22, he makes another appeal from his prison, preferring heavy charges against Calvin as a false accuser, and as having degraded the office of a minister of Christ by turning informer, and furnishing private letters to procure his death.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 10, another piteous appeal comes from his prison : —

MAGNIFICENT SEIGNIORS, — For the last three weeks, I have been desiring and entreating you to give me a hearing, and have never been able to obtain one. I beg you, for the love of Jesus Christ, do not refuse me what you would not refuse to a Turk, who asked you for justice. I have some very important and necessary things to say to you.

As to what you had ordered, that something should be done to keep me clean, no attention has been paid to it; and I am in a worse condition than ever. And, besides, the cold torments me greatly, . . . which brings upon me other miseries which I should be ashamed to describe to you. It is extreme cruelty that the common decencies are denied me. For the love of God, my lords give orders for this, or else from pity or a sense of duty.

Done in your prisons of Geneva, October 10, 1553.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 21, the tribunal assembled. The deliberations lasted three days. At length nearly all decided for capital punishment. What kind of death was the next question to be determined; and death by fire obtained the majority. There was one man, Ami Perrin, who felt some throbs of compassion, who feigned sickness, and absented himself from the council. But he choked down his compassion, and finally came and gave his vote for blood. Calvin thus scoffs at this fit of humanity. "Our tragic comedian," he writes to Farel, "after having feigned to be sick for three days, came to the council, in order to save this wretch, and blushed not to demand that the case should be called before the Council of the Two Hundred; but the sentence was rendered without controversy."

On the morning of the 26th of October, they came to the

prison to announce the sentence of the judges. Servetus lost his fortitude, wept, and sued for mercy. Calvin had the heart to insult his tears and agonies, compared him to a beast, and stigmatized his cries as "roaring" and "howling." But Castalion found words of compassion, "And did not Christ from the tree of the cross exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The tragedy hastens on. At the place de Champel, an open space without the city, they led forth the victim. A stake was fixed deeply in the ground, to which they bound him with an iron chain. He pleaded for a more merciful death. "The sword! the sword! in mercy, and not fire!" He spoke to deaf ears. Green fagots were placed around him, his head was covered with a crown of straw sprinkled with sulphur; and the heretical book was suspended at the stake. The fire ignited slowly; the death-agonies were prolonged; the head of the sufferer swam amid clouds of sulphur and smoke, through which his lips could be seen moving in prayer. Once, when the flames rose up to devour his face, he uttered a cry of anguish, which sent the silence of death among the spectators, and turned them pale. Some of them, moved with compassion, ran to put an end to his sufferings, and stifle him under blazing fagots. One more prayer, "Jesus, Eternal Son, have mercy on me!"—and he passed out of the hands of cruel men to the judgment-seat, towards which his blood, now three hundred years, has cried from the ground.

Calvin tried in vain to wash the gout of blood from his mantle. He issued a book, which made its appearance in 1554, under the title "A Faithful Exposition of the Errors of Michael Servetus, and a Brief Refutation of the Same, wherein it is taught that Heretics are to be coerced by the Right of the Sword." Himself a heretic, liable to the same punishment from the Roman Inquisition, and with the same justice, he sends out this shameless pamphlet to the world to justify what, in every view of the case, was the most deliberate and diabolical murder on record, for the gratification of private hate and personal revenge.

There was a man who in the noon of the nineteenth century could write this sentence, "We do not see, if there must have been such a trial, how, in the circumstances, it could have been conducted more fairly and kindly, both on the part of Calvin and the council;"* and another challenges the opponents of Calvin "to name not merely in the annals of persecution, but even in the records of criminal justice, an instance of more *moderation* and *liberality* than was exercised by the magistrates of Geneva in the trial of Servetus."† It is something to know what *some* followers of Calvin understand by mildness, moderation, and liberality. None are responsible for the deeds of Calvin, merely for holding his theology, unless they choose to apologize for them and defend them. But, so long as they do, the ghost of the murdered man will come up to sear their eye-balls; and it ought to come up till the end of time, to make religious intolerance as hateful in the sight of men as it is abominable in the sight of God.

The religious opinions of Servetus cannot be judged of from his accusers. They charge him with Pantheism. He denies it. "God through his omnipresence is necessarily present in all things, yet these things themselves are not a part of God; but the prototype or idea or conception of all things is in God." Though he denied the tri-personality, he asserted a sort of Sabellian trinity, and ascribed even supreme divinity to Christ. His opinions are set forth with great discrimination and candor by Baur;‡ and though, probably, he was not always consistent with himself, it would be difficult to absolve his system from the charge of Pantheistic tendencies.§

S.

* Robbins's "Life of Calvin."

† Waterman's "Life of Calvin."

‡ Dreieinigkeit, vol. iii. pp. 46-103.

§ The main facts in the life of Servetus are summed up in the "Encyclopædia Americana;" but the best and most unimpeachable authority as regards Calvin are Calvin's own letters, extracts from which are given in the original Latin, in Audin's "Life of Calvin."

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIV.

AT EVENING.

"WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMUTHE."

[JOHANN RIST, 1642. The translator has not only taken the usual liberty of leaving out some of the verses, but, in one instance, has combined two verses by taking a part from each.]

Be thou glad, my inmost being ;
 And, ye senses, lead before ;
 All the heavenly goodness seeing
 Lavished on us more and more :
 That He still, from day to day,
 Through an all-imperilled way,
 Has so helped me in my quailing,
 That no foe has been prevailing.

Father of all tender mercies !
 Praise and thanks to thee we bring,
 Who hast saved us from reverses,
 And from every evil thing ;
 And, from sins on many a side,
 Faithfully hast kept me wide :
 Yea, and foes far hence hast driven,
 So that they no harm have given.

Skill of numbers cannot mete them, —
 All the favors thou hast shown ;
 Nor the speaker's tongue repeat them, —
 All the works thy grace makes known.
 Wondrous is thy goodness found ;
 Without measure, without bound :
 So has thy compassion guided,
 That no mischief has betided.

Let this night, no outcry hearing,
 Sweet and gentle slumber bring;
 Cover me, in solemn cheering,
 With the shadow of thy wing.
 Be to me, O Father! nigh;
 Throw thy light beyond my eye;
 Let no blow or fright confound me,
 When there's nought but darkness round me.

N. L. F.

BROKEN LIGHTS.*

THE book whose title we have here given stands almost unique, so far as we know, in religious literature. Its avowed doctrine is not Christianity, but Theism, the superior of Christianity. And yet it is full of tenderness, reverence, and piety; it breathes no contempt; it preaches no iconoclasm; it freely admits both the excellences of Christians, and the defects of Theists; it is just and candid almost beyond precedent. We sincerely pity the man who can fling it aside as only "the latest form of infidelity," and can think thus to escape the responsibility of examining anew the foundations of his faith. Were any thing to induce us to renounce the name of Christian, it would be a book like this, which comes so *near* to showing us "a more excellent way." More formidable than any batteries of biblical criticism, which attack but the outworks of our faith, this new presentation of Theism, with no hostile front or destructive purpose, almost persuades one to be *not* a Christian, by seeming to conserve all that is most precious in Christianity, while putting it on a more stable foundation than that. Is this, indeed, the fruit of the new religion, we are tempted to ask as we read? So far as a book can give evidence of its author's character, here is an almost unmatched combination of piety, without a particle of superstition; of the noblest devotion to truth, with

* Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By Frances Power Cobbe. J. E. Tilton, 1864.

forbearance towards error ; of humility with boldness ; of faith in the results of science, with faith in a living and personal God. Hers, we should say, must be a philanthropy without bitterness, an all-embracing charity which transcends not only the lines of social and political demarcation, but the boundaries of this earthly life. She will not have one soul to be lost, or even neglected, whether in time or in eternity. But in reality, as an argument against Christianity, or even as a suggestion of its insufficiency, it would amount to nothing to appeal to such a character. No man or woman brought up in Christendom can claim entire independence of Christian influences. An exhausted receiver is unfit for life ; and such life as any of us have must inevitably be, in large measure, Christian. Should the time ever come, predicted by Miss Cobbe, when Christianity will have utterly "ceased to be" as a distinctive, "historical" religion, then we might have materials for judging what were the legitimate fruit of the Theism whose advent she hails. We have not such materials now. The problem is too complicated for any such simple solution. It is wiser to address ourselves more directly to the merits of the case. Let us not attempt to ask, What sort of a character would Theism produce ? — but, Have we any good grounds for abandoning the Christian method of education in favor of the Theistic ? Must we accept the conclusion, that the religion of Christ is on the decline, and, sooner or later, will perish from the face of the earth, like other systems which have "had their day" ? For ourselves, we hasten to say, that Miss Cobbe's book has not shaken the conviction with which we answer such questions by a decided negative. We have listened, with all possible candor and impartiality, to her argument ; but it leaves us with a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ not one whit impaired. Nay, more, — she has herself confirmed us in that faith by her own testimony to its power.

The motive of this book is one which every true Christian must respect, and sympathize with. Its author discerns among the movements of the age a deep and wide-spread scepticism, which reaches even to the ultimate grounds of religious

belief, and calls in question the vital doctrines of God and Virtue and Immortality. She believes, if we understand her, that this scepticism is mainly owing to the false basis on which Christian advocates have placed the belief in these fundamental doctrines; that false basis being the authority of the Bible as a supernatural revelation. It is her object, therefore, to show that all the various attempts to build a religious faith on this foundation have signally failed, and that the true foundation is "God's natural revelation through reason and conscience." Here, she firmly believes, may be found — and here only — a refuge from all the storms of doubt. "Science," she thinks, has inflicted such irreparable injury upon the Bible, that no rational and candid mind can very long continue to make it the reliance of his best hopes. She comes, therefore, to the rescue of that precious "triune faith," by making it impregnable to all attacks of scientific scepticism, and absolutely independent of all history or tradition. The world, in her opinion, is steadily advancing to that period, when men will no longer require to learn of *any book* concerning God and duty and immortal life, but will find it plainly and infallibly written in their own hearts what is true.

It is not our purpose to follow the author in her keen and generally impartial analysis of the Paleologians and Neologians. It chiefly concerns us to know, not whether this or that form of Christianity be the truer, but whether we have a right to any Christianity at all. Miss Cobbe challenges this right, on the ground that Christianity, in any distinctive sense, is an historical religion, and depends for its proof on historical records; and that these records, moreover, come to us in a character which enlightened criticism must reject. The Bible and science, to her view, are hopelessly irreconcilable. But as the avowed object of her book is not negative, but positive, we naturally inquire what is the substitute offered for our Christian faith. If the religion based upon the Bible be insecure and doubtful, how is the religion of natural reason and consciousness any better? Miss Cobbe has, indeed, intimated, in one or two places, that the voice of consciousness

is sometimes variable and obscure ; but surely it behooved her, as one of the first conditions of an audience, to show that she had something *better* than historical religion to offer us, something free from its uncertainty. For the Horatian appeal is still valid :—

“ Si quid novisti *rectius* istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.”

One who is not essentially destructive, — and Miss Cobbe certainly is not, — will find in this appeal no little weight. Now, the question between the Theist and the Christian is a question of fact. It is simply this : Does man — man in general — find in his natural reason and conscience such positive knowledge of God and duty and immortality, that his faith in these great truths needs no other confirmation ? To simplify the inquiry yet more, let us take the last of the three-named doctrines. Is it a fact, that the instinctive belief in immortality is universal and sufficient ? Why, then, are there so many who see nothing beyond the present life ? We need not stop to prove how wide-spread is the unbelief on this point ; for our author herself admits it. Her answer would probably be, not that man *does* always find this truth in his consciousness, but that he *may* find it there ; and that he will do so, when “reverence for the sanctity of that consciousness” shall be enforced, and “every obstruction to its fullest and highest development” shall be removed. The meaning of this plainly is, that, when Theism shall have supplanted Christianity, the voice of consciousness will be far more clear and indisputable than it is now ; for she holds that Christians, inasmuch as they are “traditionalists,” must always, to be consistent, “depreciate consciousness,” and make its evidence suspected. Now, here we distinctly take issue with our author. We deny that Christians, as such, throw any discredit upon the testimony of consciousness so far as it can have any thing to say. They only deny that man’s natural reason is *sufficient* to guide him into all needed religious truth. What may be exactly meant by the “fullest and highest development” of consciousness, we may not perhaps

understand ; but if we interpret the expression aright, as meaning the fullest development of all that is highest and purest in man's nature, we appeal to history for proof that this is just what Christianity has done. In the Epistle to the Romans, a doctrine of consciousness is laid down, which we have supposed was accepted by all, or nearly all, Christians ; and yet here is no disparagement of consciousness, but the reverse. Paul says, that the Gentiles, having not "the Law," are a law unto themselves ; and he affirms, that, from the beginning of the world, it has always been possible to know God, for his works declared him ; and, moreover, "that which may be known of God is *manifest in*" men. But this original light of consciousness became darkened by sin : the primeval revelation had become so obscured through "vile affections," that the professedly wise were only fools. "They *did not like* to retain God in their knowledge," and so they were suffered to tread the downward road, which led away from him. And then, when the world, with all its wisdom, no longer knew the true God, it pleased him to try the "foolishness of preaching," — the preaching of "Christ crucified," "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The apostolic and Christian doctrine, then, we hold to be, that man has by nature a capacity for *receiving* spiritual truth, but no power of *originating* it. This capacity may be indefinitely increased by spiritual faithfulness, and checked, if not destroyed, by unfaithfulness. Faith is spiritual perception. The objects of faith are revealed by the Divine Spirit to the human ; and this revelation, we have reason to think, would have been always what our author calls "natural," had not the fact of man's depravity necessitated the supernatural mode. "The supernatural is the measure of our alienation from God."* To us, this statement of the Christian doctrine is a sufficient answer to Miss Cobbe's assertion, that one must consistently reject *either* tradition or consciousness as a ground of faith. We see no necessity of rejecting either, when the province of each is rightly understood. One does

* See Sampson Reed's "Observations on the Growth of the Mind." We quote from memory.

not deny that the eye is made for seeing, because he also asserts that we must be brought within the line of vision in order to see, and that our eyes must not be so diseased that the light cannot enter them. It is the more surprising that our author does not make allowance for the disturbing influence of sin, in estimating the power of the natural consciousness to discern the truth, because she, like Newman, and unlike Parker, lays great stress upon the importance of a "sense of sin," and has written upon this topic with a beauty and emphasis which show how deeply she felt it. What Christian writer could say more than this: "There seems no one fact more clearly revealed by the experience of religious men, than that on the depth and intensity of the sense of what has been called 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin' must depend also the depth and vigor of the whole religious life"? How could one, who saw this truth so plainly, fail to recognize the fact, that "sin clouds the mind's clear vision"? Had she not ignored that fact, she would not have claimed for "consciousness" *now* what might have been its original endowment. She would confess that man needs tradition, because, alone and unassisted, consciousness is no longer reliable. God has revealed himself through his Son, because his revelation in nature and the human soul had become comparatively ineffectual. And that which made it ineffectual was sin.

If we have given sufficient reason for believing that the substitute which our author proposes for an historical religion — viz., "God's natural revelation of himself through reason and conscience" — has not the advantages which she claims for it, let us now consider, on the other hand, her objections to this historical religion itself. There is religion in history, she affirms, but history is not religion; for, if it were, — such is her argument, — we should be led to the "monstrous conclusion," that "the intellect, not the soul, is the first authority in religion." For it is the intellect, the logical understanding, and not any moral or spiritual faculty, which determines the facts of history, and sifts its records and monuments; and, at best, this process will only give us

high degree of *probability* for the existence of historical facts and the integrity of historical records, while it is *certainty* that the soul needs as the groundwork of religious faith. This is substantially the argument that we have heard so much of, in recent years, from various quarters; and we are always amazed that one should *practically* find it to be of any weight. To take a familiar example: Can any one practically distinguish, in his own mind, the degree of conviction with which he believes that there is such a city as Constantinople, from that with which he apprehends the truth, that two and two make four? It may be proved that one has *no right* to feel the same certainty with regard to these two different things. But yet he does feel it; for that which is crossed by *no shadow of doubt* has for us all the force of certainty. All that Miss Cobbe says so beautifully concerning religious faith, as "a thing which God gives, not in answer to studies and researches, but to prayers and deeds," is just as true to the sincere Christian as to her; and, of course, she knows that it is, but would say that it is so, because Christians are logically inconsistent, because they believe ignorantly and blindly, because "they persist in believing the Bible in the teeth of science," and in defiance of criticism. Now, it would take us too far, for our present purpose, to defend the Bible against these formidable adversaries. We are concerned simply to show that there is no valid objection to accepting our religion through the medium of a book, and thus being dependent, in some measure, upon history for our faith. An illustration, which seems to us entirely pertinent, may clear the matter a little. When the astronomer confesses himself indebted to Kepler for the discovery of some of the most valuable laws on which his science is based, it does not weaken his confidence in those laws, that they had an historical origin. They have been transmitted to him through books, and have been exposed to all the risks of two centuries of tradition; but he is satisfied of their truth, because he *sees it now*. So Christ has spoken words which are "spirit and life;" and "every one that is of the truth heareth his voice" still across the ages, and never doubts that it is the voice of one who "spoke as

never man spoke." His words are received, because they are seen to be true by man's spiritual faculties, not because the book they are contained in has been critically examined, and pronounced reliable. It is difficult to conceive why one's faith in any doctrine of religion should be impaired, merely because the doctrine was first announced at some remote period of the world's history; and yet this would seem to be the conclusion to which Miss Cobbe's argument logically conducts us, inasmuch as she objects to our being "dependent" on history for our faith. But the character and life of Christ furnishes the most satisfactory reply to the objections of the Theist against "historical religion;" and upon that we must say a few words now.

Our author herself, in her notice of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," has, it seems to us, abundantly refuted her own objections. The tribute she has there rendered to the character, work, and influence of Christ, and the change which has come over the world since his advent, makes one wonder that she could stop short of the acknowledgment, "Truly, this was the Son of God!" When one, who uses words so carefully as she does, admits that Christ infused a "new life" into humanity, how can the conclusion be resisted, that this is because he was "the Life indeed"? The *work* of Christianity—its actual result in history to this day—has always been felt as a proof that its originator was divine, and that his religion was intended for eternal duration. The argument is valid still. In vain does our author say, that the question, Who is Christ? is a purely historical one. The life coursing in our veins to-day has something to do with telling us who he is. Even if it were possible "to stand outside of Christianity," it would be disloyal to the highest name to do so. We cannot, and we dare not, profess any strict critical "impartiality," in answering a question which touches our deepest religious experience as does this question, Who is Christ? We might as well be expected to inquire impartially into the character of the mother who bore us. And yet we are bold to say, this is no weak superstition or irrational confidence. The Theist also admits a

Providence in human affairs; and it is in the order of Providence, that we start in life with an inheritance of Christian ideas, sentiments, and beliefs, which we must not carelessly renounce. "By the grace of God," we are what we are, in respect to every better hope and aspiration of our souls; and, as that grace is indissolubly connected in our minds with the name of Christ, we could not cease to be Christians, until we had either exhausted Christianity, or found its influence leading us away from Him to whom Christ referred his origin. We are aware that what has now been said meets none of the special difficulties which Miss Cobbe and others feel concerning the Scriptures as the revelation of God's will, and the record of Christ's life. But it may perhaps stand as a general defence of the inspiration of the "holiest of all books." It gives us some right, at least, to infer that a time will come, when all essential difficulties, in the way of receiving the Scriptures as divine, will be removed; since to them we owe primarily our knowledge of that wonderful being, who, beyond all that have appeared in human shape, could claim to be, in the highest sense, the Son of God.

Our limits forbid us to take up some of the other very interesting topics which Miss Cobbe's book has suggested, or to criticise the manner in which she has treated them. We should be glad to notice especially her singular jealousy of the recognition of Christ as "Lord," and her objections to prayer through a mediator. While we gladly acknowledge the general accuracy of her statements, and the admirable fairness with which she writes, we are constrained to say, that there are a few instances of sheer dogmatism, of absurd exaggeration, and of unaccountable misinterpretation of Scripture, — of which last we hold her assertion, that Christ "gave no opinion" about the authority of the Old Testament, though he said that he came to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, and that "the Scripture cannot be broken." But, leaving these unfavorable criticisms, we have a word to say, in conclusion, on our author's view of the "Tradition of Prayer." The phrase is her own. She believes in prayer as a tradition, if she holds no other traditional belief.

"Every spiritual loss and error comes from giving up prayer, even as every spiritual grace and good comes from earnestly practising it." And she is evidently most sincere in saying this. It is plainly a matter of vital importance to her; and the neglect of prayer she holds to be one of the most deplorable defects of "practical Theism." Every Christian might read with profit what she has written here. We admire her beautiful piety, but we marvel greatly at her inconsistency. Why should man need tradition to persuade him to pray, any more than to teach him the fact of immortality? Nay, if, in either case, he could dispense with tradition, and trust to his "instincts," we should say it was the first, and not the second. It seems to us a purely arbitrary preference and distinction which Miss Cobbe draws here. "Our mothers," she beautifully says, "were our first prophets." Ah! why, then, are we to accept their doctrine, when it tells us to seek God in prayer, and reject it when it tells us of the love of God in "our Lord Jesus Christ"? "Our mothers" have always been distinctively *Christian* prophets. They have told us of no other name under heaven by which we must be saved but the name of our Divine Master. Will we not still go unto him before all others, that we may have life?

W. S.

It is no hinderance to us, because we are sinners, and Christ holy; for, if we had not been sinners, there would be no need that Christ should suffer for us. We see in his genealogy, that both good and evil are rehearsed, of whose posterity he should come; that weak and timorous consciences might be comforted, that they might confidently and cheerfully put their trust in him who has taken away our sins. That we may be certain of this, he has left us his word, which assuredly declares it to us. Among the kings and princes that Matthew rehearsed, some were exceedingly evil, as we may read in the books of the kings; yet God suffereth them to be rehearsed in his genealogy, as if they were worthy that he should come to them. — *Luther's Sermons.*

L I N E S

RECITED AT A RURAL FESTIVAL, NEWPORT, R.I.

COME out to the fields,
Out to the fields,
Children all, both great and small;
And taste the pleasure Nature yields.
Come out from the narrow and noisy street,
And let your feet
Press the green turf of this pleasant retreat.
Ye who are neither too busy nor wise,
Come out, and read in Nature's eyes
The lesson she *looks* from her radiant skies;
And here, in the tranquil autumn air,
Come forth, with grateful hearts, to share
The banquet her beauty and bounty prepare.
The summer *months* are over and past,
But summer *hours* and *days* yet last, —
Sweet after-summer hours and days,
When the Indian saw, in the tender haze
That hung in the skies of the far South-west,
The home of the spirit in fields of the blest.
The Indian is gone; but his God is near:
His voice and his look are around us here.
The Father of all, whose bounty fills
The cattle on a thousand hills
With food and gladness, who faithfully feeds
Each little insect on the meads
With his cup of morning and evening dew,
Has spread a table here for you.
And not this board alone, that stands
Provided and decked by human hands,
And loaded with pleasant and goodly cheer,
All brought by *visible* angels here, —
A broader table is in your sight,
Where sweets diviner your hearts invite.
Then feast your eyes
On the broad, blue skies,

The beautiful fane
 Of your heaven-like home ;
 On the bright, o'er-hanging firmament,
 Transparent roof of the endless tent, —
 The banquet-hall, which a Father's hand
 Has stretched out over the quiet land.
 Drink in the beauty of vale and hill,
 Drink in the song of the little rill,
 Day after day
 On its winding way
 In search of the sea,
 The mother-sea,
 Where all her children yearn to be ;
 Where once it was born
 In a soft, warm morn,
 Went up as a cloud, and descended again,
 In the cleft of the hills, in drops of rain,
 To beautify and enrich the plain
 On its homeward way to the murmuring main.

Oh ! list to the hymn of thanks and praise
 All Nature sings in these autumn days ;
 That silently breathes from her grateful face ;
 That silently swells in her lines of grace ;
 That steals on the heart with a tender thrill
 From placid meadow and sunny hill,
 And clasps the earth and sky and sea
 In the bond of a secret harmony.
 On upland slope and on lowland plain,
 What peace, contentment, and plenty reign !
 No lurid battle-clouds here turn pale
 The sun that looks down on this happy vale ;
 No deadly bullet shrieks by to scare
 The innocent sprites from this peaceful air :
 The whistling shot, the mangling shell,
 The dying groan, the maddening yell,
 All sounds and sights of murderous fray,
 From this calm scene are far away.
 Ah ! who could dream in a scene like this,
 Whispering only of love and bliss, —

Who could believe that beneath the sky
That bends o'er the world, like God's blue eye,
On all this earth's majestic round,
There could at this hour a spot be found,
Where the children of men were met to grasp,
Not hand in hand with fraternal clasp, —
Ah, no! but to grasp in deadly strife
The throat that shall redden the fatal knife?
But why should these dismal thoughts creep in,
To blot fair Nature with shadows of sin?
The Father Almighty still sits above,
And bends even war to his purpose of love.
And is there not war in Nature too,
When darkness struggles, and light breaks through?
To-day, in this valley, how silent all! —
So silent, a leaf might be heard to fall:
So still and picture-like, it might seem
As if the world were a long day-dream!
And yet e'en here 'tis not always so:
When winds the signal trumpets blow,
And clouds, that come with growl and glare,
Hang out black banners on the air,
Then comes the crash, the flash, the roar,
Of the great elemental war.
But this, too, passes: another morn,
The world stands there as if new-born,
So fresh and sparkling and pure and clean
That the tempest-demon now is seen
To have been a peace-angel in war's disguise,
An angel of healing to earth and skies.
But, oh! if the wrath of man can praise
The inscrutable Wisdom that guides our days,
Then how much more must his children's love
Give glory and gladness to God above!

Be this, then, children, *our* noble strife
To contend for the crown of love and life;
By patience, contentment, and gratitude,
To conquer evil and sin with good.

So shall the beauty, the peace, the bliss,
All Nature breathes at an hour like this,

In a scene like this, sink into the heart ;
 And the gentle influence shall not depart,
 But with us and within us dwell,
 Long after we have said farewell.
 The milder sun that now shines above
 Will shine within as an orb of Love ;
 The tender and temperate autumn air,
 As the breath of a spirit, will touch us *there* ;
 The sky that bends over us *there* will be
 A heaven of peace and purity !

C. T. B.

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL.*

LUKE xxiv. 14: "And they talked together of all these things which had happened."

WHAT could have been more natural? — "Where have you been? What have you been doing? You have not told me yet what sort of summer you have had." So we salute one another. Much has happened since I met you, asking the religious interpretation I should have been so glad to give. Let us, this morning, cast up our account with time, and bridge over this gap of absence.

First, how has our country — the mother that bore us — fared as the weeks have been slipping away? You will excuse me for going, beyond all personalities at the outset, to her case. She preceded us all; and she, we fondly trust, will survive us all on earth. Our little individualities rise and sink; "come like shadows, so depart." Society, the body-politic, remains. While, in peaceful life and under quiet roofs, many have gone with strokes as summary this season as the bullets on the battle-field, how has it been with the country whose existence also is at stake? Let Atlanta, the Bay of Mobile, the Shenandoah Valley, the price-current,

* Preached in the West Church, Oct. 2d.

the gold-thermometer, many a piece won on the board in this dreadful game of war we are forced to play, give answer.

Some years ago, England, Russia, and France watched as nurses to see when "the sick man," as they facetiously denominated the kingdom of Turkey, which they all coveted, would die; and so the nations of the earth have been long hovering at our bedside, as the phrase goes about poor invalids, *to get our last breath*. What shall we say to them? What do the things that have happened, the occurrences of the day, say to them posting swiftly across the sea? This, namely, that they are mistaking the nature of the occasion. It is not a nation dying that they gaze at, but a nation born again. The carcass is not here which those eagles thought they scented, and were whetting their beaks on either side the Channel to devour; but the Continent labors in travail for her new offspring of Justice and Freedom under the sun. God willing, we will be no cast-off carrion for them to peck at. "I shall live, and not die," said the old Hebrew to the waiters round his pillow. So says the Genius of America, and blows it abroad with her trumpet on all the winds, bidding the world witness these agonies are not throes of dissolution, but pains of birth. As I passed, a week or two ago, over the Common, close to the flash and roar of the jubilant guns over Sheridan's triumphs, was it a mistake, a fancy, an illusion of sense, that, in the quick blaze and sharp report, my eye and ear felt not congratulation only over achievements already secure, but *determination*, set and grim as the lips of the cannoneer, to continue the struggle till the flag under which the discharges were made shall float over all the territory belonging to it in the United States? "Sir, what is the firing for?" cried out to me a poor Irish immigrant woman on the way. "For victory over rebellion," was my reply. "*O Providence, PROVIDENCE!*" she shouted back, clapping her hands, and looking up with wet eyes and worshipful face. It is Providence, — not slow, as we charge it with being, but rapid enough at least to shame all our sloth, ingratitude, impatience, and unbelief. I charge you all, old men and maidens,

young men and children, all of either sex, be instruments in the hand of Providence to maintain that cause of country which shall prevail against this treason as surely as yonder storm hurtling through the air shall go down before the stars.

But, during my absence from the congregation, much has happened more privately to touch this church, and tone my public service. Two of our aged sisters have dropped into the hand of the reaper, Death, like shocks of corn fully ripe in their season; two little children have withered like unopened buds you see snapped on some tender bush exposed to the gust; two wives, flourishing in their prime, seeming to have other blossoms ready to unfold on their tree of life, have been cut down,—holy maternity, bountiful motherhood, the one thing under heaven that chiefly draws my tender reverence, as it brought new existence into the world, like a stem overburdened with its own fruitage falling away. What have I to say to you about such events? What can any of us say? This is, we feel, the supreme question. As we knock at the door of the grave, do we get no answer but the hollow reverberation of the sound we ourselves make? None whatever, some sadly aver. A traveller wrote, concerning a great author whom he visited, "It was not his fault that we talked of the immortality of the soul; for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken:" and I confess, unless you *feel* the immortality in yourself and your dear ones, I see not what any external argument, testimony, or authority can avail. Unless the immortal nature in communion with God and good spirits is awakened in you, no demonstration, no resurrection, real and glorious as we indeed believe it, can certify you.

Therefore I have never been able to confine myself to the reading or reciting of any precise burial-service prepared by other men, though I am often asked at funerals, "Do you want Bible or book?" No: in a book or out of it, I want only what the word of God whispers intimately to my very soul. Beautiful are the litanies of the formal Church. Thank

God for all the comfort and satisfaction they yield to their votaries! Sublime and touching are the sentences of Scripture about human mortality and immortality: but, with or beyond them, we want something suited to the fresh case, to meet the exact circumstances, and interpret the feeling of the hour; and I cannot abdicate my privilege and duty in favor of any conventional phrase, however ancient or venerated. I cannot consent to put my dear, dead brother or sister into any uniform description of all the dead, good or bad. If they have lived nobly, and sweetly submitted to die in my sight, I shall say, at least in my heart, something more than the prepared generalities, as I bend over the coffin, or stand with bare head on the brink of the grave, and hear the gravel rattle on the coffin-lid. I shall celebrate their virtues; I shall rejoice in their achievements and their resignation; I shall commend their particular spirits to God: and I affectionately suggest to all Christians the propriety of adding the immediate inspiration of the bosom to the familiar periods, as Jesus tells us every well-instructed scribe will bring out of his treasury things new as well as old.

For, my friends, suffer me to say it, we have a direct relation to God! He is *our* Father, and not Abraham's or David's only. We have the prerogative of children to speak to him for ourselves of our own matters. In nothing did our Master more show his truth than in teaching as transcending even his own authority this religion of the spirit. I adjure you, claim the right; establish the fact of such a divine impulse sufficient to your want! If God is our Father, *all* follows, — life, paradise, progress, love, beyond our boldest imagination, beyond our wildest wish. If he is not our father, and we have no angelic brothers or sisters, then shut the book, disperse the assembly, close the church, — all our preaching, hearing, singing, praying, is delusion, mockery, a form indeed, or a dream. But we do not build without a foundation. If there be any reality, it is our Christian trust. This earth that looks so solid — not the soul, which we cannot see — is the shadow. When, of that you loved, nothing but a cold corpse lies before you, then resort to your faith. Call

on your God with all the spirits of the good. Say, gazing on the clay, This is not my work : I did not make the living form : I did not reduce it to this lifeless lump. But yesterday animated with a spark of deity, mere ashes to-day, I contentedly commit it to the ground : but *the spark* in it that flashed out of it I leave to him that kindled it, to fan from these embers into glowing with brighter blaze for ever in an air feeding the fire of life over every blast to blow it out.

Of one thing that has happened in this way of human vanishing since I saw you together, I must make especial mention. There sat, perhaps scarce noticed by you, year after year, in these seats, a young man — Edward Washburn — who afterwards became one of the sixty-five — for it has mounted to that — connected with this church, who have gone to the war. Wounded, as it seemed fatally, in the fight at Port Hudson, in June, 1863, he was yet got home apparently restored, to live for a year and more, and talk about going back as soon as he could ride a horse without pain ; when the old trouble in the mangled thigh broke out, and his life-blood ran away. Called, a month since, as his minister, to speak to God and men over his remains such words as his character might suggest, I owe, also, a passing tribute here to our fellow-worshipper. How well, in the beautiful town of Lancaster, I remember his diligent travelling about and scouring the county at large, to gather up the courage and patriotism of the region into a company he did not aspire, though he was unavoidably chosen, to command ! In the terrible battle, he fell, variously hit under a shower of bullets, throwing his canteen to his also disabled and thirsty superior officer, while one of his own fallen soldiers behind, seeing him helpless on the ground, crept forward to put his limb into an easy position, and then crept back to die. Such are the generosities of the field ! His captain can thank him in heaven ! With a constitution whose ruddy vigor promised perfect health to threescore and ten, but twenty-eight was the number of his years. We read, with a shudder, of the times of human sacrifices. The times of human sacrifices, my friends, are not past : they are on us, and with us now, though they are made with no human supersti-

tion, but at the call of duty and God. Rationalists stumble at the word "vicarious." These precious lives are vicarious offerings for the country's salvation: they ebb into the sand, that she may stand on the earth. The exact measure of her atonement, God holds in his hand; not a drop of their blood shall run to waste; he catches every unregarded particle that the soil seems to drink, and holds it in his cup; as He pours, he watches the rising line, and the veins shall trickle no longer, the moment the just degree is attained.

But, while they complete our atonement, shall they, for their hardship and anguish and early death, have no atonement to themselves? Yes, indeed! full compensation for every loss and pang. They are already rewarded for their labor of love, for their heroic conflict, for their expiring sigh. As the car bore me to the funeral, I saw the leaves in the woods beginning to change and drop; and in the graveyard, near the house where the solemn words were said, some blood-red foliage I noticed hanging near the spot where the sexton's spade had just been digging, as if to betoken the cause and manner of the brave soldier's end: and I said to myself, No, this is not the *end*! God will not leave the voluntary conscripts for justice and liberty and mother-land weltering in their gore, or crumbling in the ground; but with his own strong, outstretched right hand rescue them from untimely decay. We express our gratitude to them many ways; but for this, perhaps, we have not yet thought to thank them,—the new conviction their early fate brings of the everlasting life. I feel surer of living, that they have so lived and died. I bless them for their defence of the nation; for their fearless self-exposure; for their devotion to the cause of humanity, imperilled on these shores, and everywhere at risk: but I bless them, moreover, and above all for the contribution they have made to the faith of man in another state of being: for such a state there must be, or the good and innocent, the disinterested and self-denying, in their youth and fresh manhood, the beauty of our Israel, with their fair cheeks and curling locks and mounting spirits, are dead, prematurely dead. No, it cannot be: forbid it justice! forbid

it the instinct of our heart! God forbid it! No: their name in heaven, as on earth, liveth evermore; and we are persuaded of a future existence for ourselves and all mankind from the strong confirmation of their example and destiny.

My friends, I have not finished, but just touched, my design. I had meant to speak of other events that have happened while we have been separated; but I must stop: I must postpone words that would take too much time now. Let us all own the great mercy in the events, recent or remote, of our life. Some of us have been healed in sickness; some of us comforted in sorrow; some of us have beheld fresh glories of God's creation by hill and shore; some of us been preserved amid the dangers of the deep; all of us have some memorial of the grace that holds us. In the dear old sanctuary of our fathers and of our children, — for we will leave it to them, — let us humbly and gratefully bend before the forgiving, preserving Father; and let us consecrate our strength, be it less or greater, our days below, be they more or fewer, to that service of him which is our service of his creatures.

O sceptic! whatever else be doubtful, one thing we know, — that we can love. In the strength of that love for one another which asserts its own unquenchableness and eternity, let us live, labor, suffer; and then, when the time comes to each one of us for that too to happen, let us die into the spirit's life.

If a man be so stricken of God in his heart, that he acknowledgeth himself such a one as ought for his sins to be condemned, he surely is that very man whom God by his word has stricken, and by this stroke hath fastened upon him the bond of his divine grace, whereby he draweth him, that he may provide for his soul, and take care of him. At first, he could find within himself no help nor support, neither did he desire any; but now he hath found the special consolation and promise of God, which is this: "He that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it is opened." — *Luther's Sermons.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XV.

HERR, DER DU VORMALS HAST DEIN LAND.

Melody: "Aus tiefer Noth ruf' ich zu Dir."

(BY PAUL GERHARDT, FIRST PRINTED IN 1653.)

LORD, who aforetime hast thy land
 With favoring power defended,
 And, when it felt thy chastening hand,
 A mercy still attended;
 Thou, who hast ever gracious been
 To pardon all thy people's sin,
 And loosen all their burdens, —

Shall now thy chastisement severe
 O Heavenly Lord, be endless?
 Clean gone thy loving-kindness dear,
 And we for ever friendless?
 O God, our Healer! bear us through,
 And cheer our fainting hearts anew,
 That at thy wrath are troubled.

Oh, would were heard with trumpet sound
 The eternal Word, proclaiming
 That peace should o'er the earth abound,
 Wherever Christ is naming!
 That all who in that calling stand
 Would cast their weapons from their hand,
 And rest in peaceful dwellings!

Where Christians now in bloody press
 Assail each man his brother,
 In coming ages, Righteousness
 And Peace shall kiss each other.
 Where now the sword of maddened strife
 Leaves ravaged fields and murdered life,
 Shall Truth walk on with Mercy.

The fruitful rain and gentlest dew
 The wasted plains shall nourish ;
 And Nature, all created new,
 With all her crowns shall flourish.
 Whate'er the gifts our God imparts,
 Fail not the grace of thankful hearts,
 The highest of his giving !

XVI.

"O DURCHBRECHER ALLER BANDE!"

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD, 1697. *

THOU who breakest every fetter ;
 Who art ever by my side ;
 Who canst make disgraces better
 Than all earthly joy and pride !
 Let thy judgments, further, stronger,
 Smite upon my worldly sense,
 Till the prison holds no longer,
 Till thine angel leads me thence.

Labors yet the whole creation ;
 And we groan, and strive, and pray
 That thy Word may bring salvation
 From brute Nature's iron sway ;
 From the service of things vainest,
 Which so rules and chains the heart,
 Though thy Spirit points the plainest
 To the high and better part.

Are we slaves of wrong affection,
 Snared in joys that cannot bless ?
 Leave us not to that subjection,
 To that death, of selfishness.
 That deliverance will not linger
 If ourselves no sluggards be ;
 Oh the rapture, when God's finger
 Turneth our captivity !

N. L. F.

* Three verses out of ten. There is a wholly different hymn, though beginning with the same line, and running to the same measure, in the "Berliner Gesangbuch." The melody is the same with "O du Liebe meiner Liebe!"

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY.

(Concluded.)

May 6.—I have told Haven. The poor, lonely man's first thought was, joy that there was something living that belonged to him that he might love: then came the bitterness of it. How the struggle between shame and the sense of justice will end, I cannot tell. If he knew the utter desolation of such a lot, he would snatch his child from it at any cost; but it is unspeakably terrible to have his days of sin rise in judgment against him in the midst of his new life. I am haunted by the look of fear and horror and shame that came slowly into his face as he realized it all.

May 7.—Haven sent me word that he would come to see me in a few days. That is well. Such a crisis should not be hurried.

May 10.—Haven came, looking haggard, and spent some hours here. It is a hard struggle. He says he finds now that he was taking more comfort than he had supposed in the consciousness of the returning respect of good people, and was putting his sins as much out of sight as possible, and looking forward to the time when they should be forgotten by others; and had even been venturing to hope, that, if he lived on in this way long enough, his family might at last relent, and consent to let the past be buried: but of course, if he shall take this child and acknowledge it, shielding himself by no lie, all this hope will be gone. Still he sees the right, and his heart yearns over his son; and I think he is perfectly honest in saying, that one thing which holds him back is the thought it might be better for the child to pass as an orphan always, than to receive such a father in such a way. Perhaps some people would think so; but Muriel would tell him that it is hard to be always an orphan.

May 14.—Little Johnny seemed so far from well when I saw him to-day, that I got Ferguson to question Dr. Hill,

who attends at the Asylum, about him. Dr. Hill says that the child never has been strong, probably never will be, and that now he is in danger of serious illness; and ended by saying, "What he needs is just what he cannot have,—loving care, a quiet home, delicate food, and the sea-shore this summer." I told Haven this to-night; and I think Johnny will have what he needs. He only said, "Will you take me there to-morrow? I want to see—I mean, I want to get near my child, and hear his voice."

May 15.—We went to the Asylum this morning. When Johnny saw me, he stole into the room; for he is a warm-hearted boy, and returns any love he receives with double strength. His attention was soon caught by the stranger sitting there, a green band over his eyes, and his face fixed and white as a statue. Presently Johnny went nearer, and put his little hands on his knees, peering up at him, and asking, "You going to play blind-man's-buff?" Still Haven did not speak, but turned with a helpless look toward me, as if he wanted me to explain: I tried to, but Johnny had never encountered a blind person before, and was puzzled.

Just then, a troop of the children scampered into the room, and beset me with, "Tell us a story," "Let us *blow* your watch." Johnny came too; but soon I saw them all beginning to glance curiously toward Haven, and I feared that their inquisitiveness might annoy him: so I offered them a grand boon that would have made my nephews jealous. "My crutches for horses, if you'll all go into the entry to ride them." Away they all galloped; but Johnny lingered. Soon he sidled up to Haven again, and began stroking his arm, and touched his hand. Haven started, and asked, "Who is it?" "Only Johnny again," said the boy. "Why don't you play with the others?"—"I'm tired."—"Are you often tired?"—"Most always, seems to me." Then Haven felt for the child, and began to measure his height with his hand, and pass his fingers over his face, telling him not to be frightened. He did not look frightened, only perplexed, and at last grieved, as he began to understand it; and he asked, in his gentle little voice, "Can't you see me, really?"—"No: I can't see

you."—"Are you trying to?"—"That I am."—"Couldn't you see if that ribbon was off?"—"No."—"I am sorry for the gentleman." At that I saw Haven's lips twitch; but he controlled himself a moment longer, till Johnny said wearily, "I'm so tired! won't you take me up?" and he was taken up into such an embrace as he never knew before.

Presently Haven set him down gently, and stood up, turning to me, and whispering, "Will you take me home now? I must get ready for him. How soon can he come?" I said, "To-morrow;" and he kissed Johnny again, who clung to his hand, and we came away.

The only questions now were about arrangements for the little one's reception. No one but he and I knew about it yet; but, at his request, I at once told Mrs. Field. The dear old lady! as soon as she had got over the first shock, she hurried up stairs, saying, as she entered the room, "Mr. Haven, you are doing right; and the Lord won't have a hard job to bring a blessing out of this trial: it'll come along natural. Where do you think we'd better put his bed?" I left them at work; Haven seeming almost happy in these preparations. He followed me to the door to put a bill into my hand, and whisper hesitatingly, "After Mr. and Mrs. Irving know, perhaps—they are so kind always!—perhaps she would get me some toys and pretty picture-books to have here to-morrow: she would know what he would like." I believe all the necessary arrangements are made, and to-morrow will see them together.

May 16. — When I went to the Asylum for Johnny, he ran to meet me; but looked past me toward the door, and asked, "Where's the other?"—"Who?" asked I. "The gentleman that kissed me;" and the child's lip quivered: "he said I'd see him again to-day." When I told him he was to go with me to see the gentleman, he lighted up, and ran eagerly to get ready. This intense sensitiveness to any tenderness has often shown itself in him; and it tends to confirm Dr. Hill's opinion, that he is not for a long life: it does not seem quite healthy.

When we got to Mrs. Field's, I sent Johnny up stairs by

himself; and I do not know in what manner Haven made himself known to his son. After half an hour's pleasant chat with Mrs. Field, I went up, and found Haven setting a sand-box in motion, an accomplishment acquired for the occasion, while Johnny sat on his knee absorbed in contemplation. When I spoke, he jumped as if to come to me; then suddenly hugged closer, drew both Haven's arms around him, nodded to me out of this nest, and said, with an indescribable exultation in his voice, "I've got a father now! Here's my father!"

Haven whispered something to him; and he slid down, and trotted toward me, holding up his face, and crying, "I want to kiss you." So he gave me two good ones, and then stood up straight, and repeated, glancing at his father to see if he had got it right, "That is to thank you for giving me a father;" and by that time Haven had reached me, and was holding my hand, and trying, through his emotion, to thank me for his son. I am grateful for their thanks; but they all belong up higher, whither I pass them.

May 28. — "Little Johnny Haven, who has been lost ever so long, and has just been found," is hailed with great delight by our children; and Ray patronizes him to an alarming extent, — calls him "my young friend." Of course, Haven's action is wholly approved by all the circle and by Dr. Ashton: but there is plenty of cruel talk in some quarters; and we hear that his family are indignant, as he foresaw they would be. He accepts the sharp pain of all this as his just punishment, and bears it both meekly and manfully. He will not let shame keep him back from any right thing; but Dr. Ashton says, that when Jones led him into church on Sunday, with his son holding his hand, there was a look of suppressed anguish in his face, which it took his breath away to see.

But at home, or among us, he grows happier hourly in the possession of something on which to pour out his love and care. The great danger is that Johnny will be utterly spoiled. He is master of the situation; for Haven devotes himself to him, and moreover feels it quite impossible ever to punish him for any thing. He says, "He is so much better

than I, how should I dare to do it?" Happily, Johnny's is a nature which is easily controlled by love; and he already clings to his precious father with all the strength of a loving little heart that has never found a home before. Haven's blindness draws them even closer together; for it is the height of Johnny's ambition to be "father's eyes." Jones pretends to be "drefful jealous o' young master;" but, in truth, that faithful personage is likely to do his fair share of the spoiling.

June 12. — Word has just come of the death of old Mr. Haven. We are thankful that it was not until John had a son to comfort him. A townsman of the Haven Family tells me that it has been believed lately that the old man was relenting toward John; but that his other children tyrannized over him in this matter, as they were known to do in almost every thing. I wish this might be proved. He says John used to be his father's favorite; and it was the fear of being led away by his affections that caused him to treat the boy almost harshly in his youth. So it was a terrible wound to his love, as well as to his family pride, when John grew cold toward him, and entered on evil ways; and he has been immovable and stern toward all men since.

June 14. — Haven's oldest brother has sent him a little scrap of paper which was found folded up in his father's will. The old man wrote it himself, the day of his death, by the aid of a servant, and without the knowledge of his children, who have happily been honest enough to send it where it belongs. These are the words: "John, if you are really penitent, may God forgive you — and me! I have not meant to be harsh; but you were my idol once. God forgive us all!"

The brother writes to me, coldly, "It is evident my father was wandering when he wrote these confused lines. In the will, made some time before, when he was of sound mind, he expressly says, "I leave nothing to John Haven, who was my son; for his sins have disinherited him." I *will not* read that to John. He is intensely grateful for those words which he cannot see, and was not permitted to hear from the lips that should have spoken them. They are not "confused" to him:

he feels all their meaning, and says, "It is so much more than I deserved! I am much happier than I deserve."

Now, there ought to be a truce to the Havens in this Journal, until some other great event befall them. Indeed, I suppose, according to my original plan in writing it, they have hardly belonged here so long; but my scope varies at different times, and I do not know that it does any harm. This debilitating spring weather insures me wakeful nights, wherein I might as well be doing this as nothing: so I have slipped into the way of allowing this "eloquence for one" to be as diffuse as it pleases. However, here it ends for this night; for Harry steals in, scolding under his breath about it. A. M., threatening to put out my light, and looking over my shoulder to read. You're a domineering old —

June 15. — It grew dark suddenly last night.

Nov. 1. Four years later. — The many sicknesses of Johnny Haven are over this day. Dear little fellow! he has suffered much, but his poor father's pangs have been more pitiful. How often have I heard him groan, "O God, spare my child! Oh, let me suffer instead!" Never was there greater devotion than his: father and mother, playfellow and teacher and nurse, he has made himself every thing for the child, in spite of his own ill-health and blindness.

Johnny has shown himself a sincere little Christian, and has tried hard to be patient and considerate. He has been wonderfully so most of the time. Once or twice, when he and I have been sick at the same time, he has sent me funny, merry little notes, which have done me good, and are among my treasures. But weakness and pain, and want of sleep, are what older people than he do not always endure pleasantly; and sometimes he has been more fretful and unreasonable than any one but his father could bear. He has never faltered in his cheerful lovingness to the boy. If I had not known Harry, I should have thought what they tell me of Haven impossible. The child's weak, sometimes peevish, voice has never sounded, by day or night, but Haven has heard it, and been at his side to give him what he needed, or take him in

his arms, or tell him his wonderful stories. To those of us who know his history, those stories always have a vein of pathos in them; but Johnny and our children have rejoiced in them without feeling that. I mean to write down one favorite of Johnny's which I remember well, and which I think children will like to keep.

Now all this care is ended. Johnny's only trouble about dying was, "I am really afraid father'll miss me;" but as yet that father's heart is so full of thankfulness that his boy does not and cannot suffer any more, that he does not realize what a dark, lonely path lies before him. Humbly and patiently he will walk in it, I know, and seeking help where it may be found. Still, this earth must be dreary to him. May the merciful Father soon call him into the light and love of our eternal home!

SEPARATED.

WE shall go forth again

On the bright hills, when summer winds blow free,
Or joyous harvests crowd the homeward wain;
But never more with thee.

Never again! when glowing sunsets burn
Their royal signet upon sky and wave;
When stars upon their silver course return,
Night's ebon shore to lave.

We ply accustomed tasks,
Walk the same round as when we knew thee here;
But, yearning ever, the soul dumbly asks
Of thy unsounded sphere.

At the grave's mouth we stand
Listening, perchance, if some dear voice may call:
Dead leaves are drifted to the out-stretched hand,
Silence, — and this is all!

Yet some celestial gleam
Tinges the mist of our slow-dropping tears,
As bright above these mortal changes beam
The calm, immortal years.

C. M. P.

MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE book, the title of which is given below, does not belong to the class of ephemeral publications. It must long have a value for every inquirer into the missionary work of the Church of Christ, in these days; and it throws a great deal of light upon the relation of the gospel to the sheep that are not of this fold, — a world lying in darkness and sin and wretchedness. Dr. Anderson seems to us an eminently candid observer and writer. It is plain enough that he is a person who can be trusted: we do not mean not to tell known falsehoods, — it were an insult so to write about him, — but to find out and report the truth, as one who merely proposes to make out a case cannot. No man has had a better opportunity than he to learn “what God has been pleased to do on the Hawaiian Islands, through the gospel of his Son, and the labors of his missionary servants.” Forty years of correspondence with the missionaries, and four months’ residence on the Islands, during what we may call the latter harvest of their Gospel Year, are no inadequate preparation for one whose vision is so clear, and whose purpose is so honest. Much as we should have enjoyed the abundant details which the writer has left out of the volume, we are glad, for the sake of the general reader, that they were not put in; because the book is now manageable and readable by busy men and women.

We suppose that Christian people are widely familiar with that marvellous phenomenon in Gentile history, the rising-up, so to speak, of the Sandwich Islanders against their idol gods. We do not know that there is another instance in history, of a people becoming disgusted with their divinities; simultaneously, and, as it were, by the inspiration of God, pronouncing them a delusion and a mischief. So, however, did the Hawai-

* The Hawaiian Islands: their Progress and Condition under Missionary Labors. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street, 1864.

ians ; and that before the Christians came amongst them. The house was swept and garnished ; not, however, for the return of the unclean spirit with the seven worse companions, but for the entrance of the Spirit of the Lord. We see horrid pictures still of the poison-god and of the war-god ; and the missionary house is made hideous by one and another ugly image : but idolatry has, for the most part, disappeared ; not lingering, we should say, any more than the old Paganism survives in some of the popular customs of modern Europe. What would have been the fate of that people, had the missionaries failed to appear ? Would they have lived on, pagan iconoclasts and rationalists, having not so much “ changed their gods ” as turned their gods out of doors altogether ? But the ground was cleared, in the good providence of God, for a glorious planting. On the 12th of April, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and Dr. and Mrs. Holman, took up their abode at Kailua, in a house “ three feet and a half high at the foot of the rafters, and without floor or ceiling or windows or furniture, in the midst of a noisy, filthy, heathen village. The king dined with them on board the ship, going with only a *malo*, or narrow girdle, around his waist, a green silken scarf thrown over his shoulders, a string of beads around his neck, and a feather wreath on his head.” Counting the cost, he objected to Christianity, at first, as likely to interfere with polygamy ; and spite of the report which met the missionaries, of the turning-away from the idols, the sight of the naked chief must have been rather discouraging to these zealous laborers. The natives looked upon dress as merely ornamental, as indeed do some who ought to be wiser. “ In one of the first years of the mission, a chief of Hawaii was reproved by a missionary for entering his house so nearly naked. Profiting by the rebuke, and aiming to give full satisfaction, next time he walked in with the addition of a pair of silk stockings and a hat ! ” If the reader would know what progress has been made in externals at least, let him take up Dr. Anderson’s very interesting volume, and examine the portrait of Kamehameha III., which stands over against the titlepage, and let him learn that his Royal Highness has

even got so far, not only into Christianity, but into Ecclesiasticism, as to have a decided preference for what is called "The Reformed Catholic Church," which, from the description in this work, would seem to be a very ritualistic Anglicanism, not unsuited, we should judge, to these Islanders; though Dr. Anderson says that they find it too showy, and though it seems to have entered a little unceremoniously into the labors of the faithful congregational missionaries to whom under God the Sandwich Islands are indebted for the liberty of the gospel.

The work done in that region during the last forty years is a work in which the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions may well feel an honest pride; for which, they who have labored, and we who have not labored, may well thank God. Would that we had all been partakers in it! It is not pretended that the Sandwich Islanders have become Christians, even in the very qualified sense of that name with which a halting Christendom has made us all too familiar. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean thing in a day? Doubtless the Lord can; but so it does not please the Lord to work for the most part. The determination to pass from death to life may come through the Divine Grace in a moment; but the passage is, for the most part, a long one. When we think of pious John Newton suppressing a rising of slaves on board his slave-ship, and then gathering the ship's company in the cabin for prayers and thanksgivings to the God, not, we must suppose, of the slave, but of the slave-owner, — we can afford to be patient with naked savages, if they do not at once rise even to Christian decencies, but must be excommunicated, as they seem to have been most faithfully, at first one out of every five, and then one out of every three, — eight thousand backsliders in all, — in order to secure any thing like the purity which should mark the Christian life. Some persons have been left to sneer at such Christianity as this: without cause, we think, when it is remembered what sort of Christians have, in too many instances, gone to the Islands in our ships; and that, so it is written, a naval officer of the United States opened his ports,

or threatened to open them, upon one of the towns, because the authorities would not suffer women to go out to his ship, as their evil custom had been. Dr. Anderson very justly instances the Church at Corinth. We can easily learn from Paul's Epistles with how much difficulty and delay the believers passed from death to life in that city. There can be no doubt that, spite of every allowance which the most censorious may insist upon making, the Sandwich Islanders have been Christianized to a very good degree, and that we can instance, in what has been wrought there during the last two-score of years, one of those glorious miracles which will not cease so long as the Church lives its divine life in the world. The only serious question about the Islands is this: Was there enough vitality remaining to outlive the terrible effects of former sins; the sins which even the merciful God visits, as he warns us he must, upon the children of sinners, unto the third and fourth generation? As yet, the deaths exceed the births. Still it may not be so always. Christian reformation has at least checked the decline. It will be some consolation, that even a decaying race, if the race must decay, is to go out, not in darkness, but in light. Nothing but the mighty help of God in Christ could have saved these Islanders from ruin and death. The charge of narrowness so often brought against the missionary, especially by those who do nothing for missions, whether foreign or domestic, cannot be maintained against the laborers in the Sandwich Islands. They have all along sought to civilize the people, to instruct them in the arts and the proprieties of life, and yet, at the same time, they have shown, that, between Christianity and the most degraded and darkened souls, there is something in common, and that the deep sense of sin. The Heathen can be made to feel that they are sinners. The law comes, and sin revives, and they die; and they know that they are dead, and, unless deliverance shall be granted, sealed up to an eternal sorrow. The missionary, now as of old, can preach repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

We wish that we had space for many extracts; but we cannot refrain from setting down one in illustration of a faith

in prayer, from which even some Christian sermonizers might learn a good lesson.

"They expect," says Dr. Anderson, with not a little *naïveté*, "when they pray, to be heard, — in this resembling the primitive Christians. . . . Mr. Bond called my attention to one of his aged church-members, now a valued friend and colaborer. That man, said he, some years ago, was off the coast with two other natives in a canoe, fishing; and a monstrous shark came upon their canoe, which was merely a hollowed log, with the evident intent of upsetting it. They beat him away with their paddles. He went off to some distance, and came down upon them the second time. Again they drove him away, and he returned to renew the attack. Their courage then began to fail; and they said, 'The shark will have us.' But this man proposed to the others that he should pray to God, while they used the paddles. To this they agreed; and he fell on his knees in prayer, while they stood on the defensive. Down came the monster; but, when very near, he sheered off, and was soon out of sight. The natives regarded this as an answer to prayer; and my excellent missionary friend was of the same opinion." E.

A PERSON once said to me, that she was accustomed to feel great joy and confidence after confession. Another told me that she found her fears still continue. It struck me, that out of the experience of the two a wholesome state of feeling might be formed, and that each was wanting in what might be gained from the other. The same thing happens often in other cases. — *Pascal*.

THE hope which Christians entertain of eternal happiness, is mingled with joy as well as with fear. They are not like those who hope for a kingdom of which they have never been the subjects: but their aspirations are for holiness, and freedom from corruption; and of these things they have already had some experience. — *Pascal*.

WHAT IS A WORD?

WHAT is a word? A spirit-birth,
Born of the living soul,
Which, uttered by the voice of man,
Time's power cannot control.

A gift thou art to man alone,
To bird and beast denied;
To show that to the heavenly race
His nature is allied.

Mysterious Essence! Birth and death
Are in one instant thine;
Yet, born and dying with a breath,
Thy being is divine.

The outward world thou dost ally
To things by man unseen;
And, like an angel, ever pass
The heavens and earth between.

Thou dost to childhood's feeble powers
A help to knowledge lend;
And aid the race, from age to age,
Its wisdom to transcend.

Thou tellest of the distant Past,
And bid'st it live again;
And can, with mystic key, unlock
The Future's dim domain.

Still, lingering in our common tongue,
We hear the elder speech;
And words, which fell from Adam's lips,
His latest offspring reach.

The world and all it holds shall fade,
And man himself shall die;
But thou, unchanged, shalt live the same
Through God's eternity.

J. V.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, AND UNITARIANISM IN
ENGLAND.

IN the early days of the Christian Church, while its advantages were supposed to be restricted within the narrow limits of the Jewish nation, a vision was sent to the most prominent among its teachers, and the words were heard within his soul, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." It was thus that the leader of the apostles received the impressive lesson of liberality. The vision that he beheld had a deeper meaning than to show him that the Jewish distinction of clean and unclean meats was done away. He gave its interpretation when he said, "God hath showed me that I should not call any *man* common or unclean." No longer was the Gentile to be considered unworthy to share the society and the privileges of the Jew. The Roman Cornelius, whose prayers and alms had been accepted before God, was to be recognized by God's servants as a brother.

That lesson, like the other holy teachings of the Bible, has not grown useless by the lapse of years. If we have little to do now with the distinctions of Jew and Gentile, we still need to remember the word that warns us against a spirit of exclusiveness. Sect raises the barrier against sect, proclaiming of him who is outside the fold, "He is common, he is unclean; he may not enter our pulpit; he may not come to our communion-table; he has not been properly ordained; he has not been properly baptized."

To such assumptions of superiority, an answer comes in the words of Peter's vision, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The proof of God's cleansing the heart is in the holy life: as our Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Thus every instance of Christian holiness in any sect puts to shame the intolerance that would deny to that sect an equal position with others. Thus the exclusiveness of Romanism is answered by such lives as those of Luther and Cranmer and Lady Russell; the exclusive-

ness of Protestantism, by a life like Fénelon's ; High-Church exclusiveness, by the purity, the faith, and the labors of Penn and Wesley and Howard ; and the exclusiveness that would deny the equal claims of Unitarians, by the lives of Milton and of Priestley.

Joseph Priestley was born in 1733, at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, the eldest of a large family. Of his early childhood he records enough to show that he was brought up with religious care ; his mother teaching him the Assembly's Catechism, and inculcating honesty so strictly, that she once made him carry back a pin to his uncle's house, where he had found it.

His mother dying when he was seven years old, he was soon after taken charge of by his aunt, who, he says, was truly a parent to him, till her death in 1764. He speaks of her as a truly pious and excellent woman, who knew no other use of wealth or talents of any kind than to do good, and who never spared herself for this purpose. By her he was sent to several schools in succession, where he became acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages. The Hebrew he studied with the Dissenting minister of the place. The wish of his aunt, with which he readily acquiesced, was that he should prepare for the ministry ; but, his health appearing delicate, this design was for a time abandoned, and a mercantile life was thought of. The way the boy prepared for this, however, showed his strong natural inclination to study. He learned without a master the modern languages, French, German, and Italian ; translating and writing letters in the former two for his uncle, who was a merchant. Arrangements were in progress for his entering a counting-house at Lisbon ; when, his health appearing better, his friends and himself resumed their preference for the ministry ; and he was sent to a dissenting academy, or private divinity school, for further instruction.

His father and his aunt were Calvinists, though tolerant in their feelings to those of other opinions. Young Priestley, thus educated, was, at the period of his delicate health, in great distress of mind from fears that he had not experienced

the new birth. Having been taught the views then prevalent among Calvinists respecting the sin of Adam, he was troubled that he could not feel a proper repentance for that sin. His fears went so far, that he dreaded that God had forsaken him, and that his case was like that of Francis Spira, who had left an appalling instance of spiritual agony from the idea that repentance and salvation were denied to him. From this uneasiness, the active mind of Priestley found relief by questioning whether the doctrine which so troubled him could be true. At his examination, therefore, to be admitted to the communion, he was refused, as being not quite orthodox with regard to the consequences of Adam's sin. He found, however, in the minister of a neighboring congregation to his own, and in other friends, the sympathy and guidance he needed.

Having now embraced the Arminian view in preference to that of Calvin, the academy he chose was one in which Arminian sentiments prevailed. It was the same which had previously been under the care of the excellent Dr. Doddridge. The greatest freedom of inquiry was allowed, and the questions discussed in the religious controversies of the day were examined and re-examined by the students. The views now adopted by young Priestley on some subjects, and which he retained through life, were different from those held by Liberal Christians in this country; and they marked, for a time at least, a wide difference between the English and the American Unitarians. One of our dearest principles is the freedom of the will; another, the spiritual nature of man. Priestley, on the contrary, became early, and always continued, a believer in the doctrines of Materialism and Necessity: that is, he held that the soul is a material substance, or an arrangement of material substances; and that every act and word and thought of man is the result of an irresistible and unchangeable order of cause and effect. In regard to these views, we are wide apart from him; and even in England, it is believed, his opinions have generally given place to the more spiritual doctrines of which Channing is the great expositor. Still, we must admit, that, as held by

Priestley, these doctrines led to no results dishonorable to God or unworthy of man. He believed that the soul, though material, being sustained by Divine Power, would live for ever; and that the necessity of nature, which compelled the actions of all beings, would at length, after a period of corrective discipline to the bad, in the future world, result in the final happiness of all.

His life as a minister commenced as assistant in a small parish at Needham. His compensation was extremely small; and his prospects of a better settlement, or even of usefulness and permanence where he was, were checked by an impediment in his speech, and by his unconcealed disbelief of the supreme Divinity of Christ. The suggestion was made to him at this time of joining the Church of England; but it was at once repelled.

He now investigated more minutely than before the doctrine of the Atonement, and was induced to relinquish it entirely. He composed on the subject a treatise, which a friend submitted to the perusal of the celebrated Dr. Lardner. By his advice, a portion of it was published; being probably the first printed among the immense number of Priestley's works. Many years afterwards, when its writer, then an eminent man, requested of Dr. Lardner whatever help he could give him on the subject of the Atonement, the latter took down from a shelf a large bundle of pamphlets, and, selecting one from them, handed it to his guest as the best assistance he could give him; forgetting that Priestley was himself its author.

His next attempt at publication showed that clear and fearless uprightness which always marked his character. He had written a tract so bold in its speculation, that a friend to whom he showed it advised him to publish it under the character of an unbeliever, to draw the more attention to it. But he would wear no mask, and commenced the printing of his treatise; though afterwards his friend Dr. Kippis dissuaded him from proceeding with it, until he should be more known, and his character better established.

His unpopular opinions rendering his residence at Needham

unpleasant, and his efforts to relieve his poverty by teaching being disappointed from the same cause, he obtained at length another and more productive settlement, at Nantwich, in a different part of the kingdom. Here, besides preaching to a congregation of about sixty persons, he taught a school, devoted some attention to experiments in natural philosophy, and composed his treatise on English Grammar.

After three years at Nantwich, he was appointed to a tutorship in the academy at Warrington. He now married happily; but the enjoyments of home did not arrest the labors of the indefatigable student. He composed courses of lectures on language, on oratory and criticism, on history and general policy, on the laws and constitution of England, and on English history. Some of these were printed for the use of his students, and others at a later period of his life.

He published now his "Chart of Biography," followed some time after by the "Chart of History." The method introduced by him, of exhibiting in a connected view the dates of great events, has not yet passed out of use.

Becoming now acquainted with Dr. Franklin, he proposed to that great man to write the history of discoveries in electricity. This was well received, and added much to the reputation of the author. He had already received from the University of Edinburgh the title of Doctor of Laws, and was now admitted a member of the Royal Society.

After six years' residence at Warrington, Dr. Priestley became the pastor of a congregation at Leeds. Here his theological opinions assumed that form of the most decided Unitarianism which they thenceforward bore. At Leeds he commenced, and carried on for three volumes, a periodical religious work, "The Theological Repository," and published several tracts and controversial treatises. Among these were some writings in vindication of religious liberty, and "An Address to Dissenters on the Subject of the Difference with America." This was written at the request of Dr. Franklin and Dr. Fothergill.

Besides these literary labors, he pursued his researches in natural philosophy. From electricity, he passed to the investi-

gation of the nature of air. The experiments on this subject, which led to his great discoveries in pneumatic chemistry, were suggested by the seeming accident of his living near a brewery, from whose processes he could obtain the "fixed air," or carbonic acid gas, on which he was thus led to experiment.

His first publication on this subject was in 1772, in a small pamphlet which excited much attention, and was translated into French. A fuller account of his observations, soon after published, procured for its author the gold medal of the Royal Society.

He was now applied to, to accompany Capt. Cook's voyage of discovery as scientific observer; and had consented, when the objections of some clergymen to his religious opinions broke off the engagement.

It was while at Leeds that Dr. Priestley formed the acquaintance of two gentlemen, whose names are intimately connected with his own in the history of English Unitarianism. These were Theophilus Lindsey and Richard Price.

Before this time, Unitarians in England could hardly be said to have constituted a sect. In the distant reign of Edward VI., Joan Bocher and George van Paris were burnt to death for opinions, which the denial of the Trinity formed a part. Similar opinions were entertained by Milton, and expressed at least in the earlier writings of William Penn. With these may be classed John Biddle (who died in prison in the reign of Charles II.), the benevolent merchant Thomas Firmin, the learned Lardner, and the still more eminent names of Locke and Newton. Some ministers and congregations among the Dissenters had gradually ceased to preach and to believe as their predecessors had done with respect to the Divinity of Christ; but it was at the period now before us that the growth of Unitarianism in England may most distinctly be dated.

Perhaps not even the writings of Dr. Priestley contributed to that growth more than the magnanimous avowal of the unpopular faith by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his resignation, in conse-

quence, of his living of Catterick. Many of the clergy of that church, it was known, entertained similar sentiments; but, as it was generally understood that the Church required only a general assent to her doctrines, they continued to retain their places. Mr. Lindsey viewed the subject differently; and, after allowing ample time for the consideration of his duty, voluntarily relinquished his position of affluence, to encounter poverty and contempt for what he held to be the truth. His example was followed by Dr. Disney and some others.

Dr. Richard Price, whose acquaintance Dr. Priestley formed about the same time with that of Lindsey, was the pastor of a Dissenting congregation; and the opinions he held, while we class them under the general name of "Unitarian," were very different from those held by Priestley himself. He disagreed with his friend's views of Materialism and Necessity. He held, with the Arians, that Christ existed, as a being second only to the Supreme, before he was born into this world; and he believed also that the death of the Saviour had a mysterious efficacy, apart from any influence it exerts directly on mankind. The talents, the amiable temper, and unblemished character of Dr. Price obtained him the highest esteem even from those who regarded his opinions as heretical. He had the singular honor, for a Dissenting clergyman, of acting as commissioner for the British Government, in its negotiations with France, at an early period in the wars of the French Revolution.

After a residence of six years at Leeds, Dr. Priestley accepted a liberal offer from the Earl of Shelburne to take the office of his librarian and companion. This position he held for seven years. It afforded him leisure for his philosophical experiments and his numerous literary occupations. He travelled on the Continent in company with Lord Shelburne, and was received with much respect on account of his philosophical researches by the men of science whose presence then adorned the capital of France. One thing, however, surprised them. Priestley was a Christian. In France, the intolerance which forbade any form of Protestantism had pro-

duced its natural effect. Intelligent minds, revolting against the doctrines of the Church of Rome, had seen no medium between the belief they discarded and utter infidelity. The learned men of France were, with scarce a known exception, deists, if not atheists; and, through the whole nation, a thin covering of formal respect for the solemnities of the Church was spread over the unbelief and the corruption that soon burst forth, volcano-like, in the horrors of the Revolution.

To the brilliant circles of Paris, the fact that Priestley retained his faith in the gospel was a theme of wonder; to him, their infidelity was a source of sadness. He came forth as the defender of religion in his "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever." He tried also to remove the disbelief in revelation from the mind of his illustrious friend Franklin. That great man, who at least always treated religion with respect, promised to read the books which Priestley placed in his hands; but public events now advanced with such rapidity, that it is probable they engrossed his attention too much to permit him to pursue his researches.

While with Lord Shelburne, our indefatigable author published also his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," his "Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit," and his "Harmony of the Gospels." The second of these works brought him into an amicable controversy with Dr. Price; and the third into one, also friendly, with the Bishop of Waterford. Among such men as these, it was shown that discussions on the loftiest subjects could be carried on without interrupting their mutual respect and courtesy.

But it was not possible that opinions like Priestley's, and so boldly expressed, should fail of awakening opposition; and whether from this cause, or from any other, he found at length that it would be best to withdraw from his place in Lord Shelburne's family. The change was, however, effected in a manner honorable to both parties; and, as had been previously agreed, a pension from that nobleman was thenceforth paid to him. He now accepted again a ministerial charge, being settled with a congregation at Birmingham; with the understanding, however, that his services in the pulpit only

were required ; the duties of a parish minister devolving on his colleague. He was thus left to pursue his theological studies, and those by which he had already contributed so much to the extension of philosophical, and particularly of chemical knowledge. He now wrote his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," and defended his views in his famous controversy with Bishop Horsley.

His ministry in Birmingham continued for about eleven years. It is touching to read in his memoir of himself, written before that ministry was closed, his expressions of unalloyed happiness in that pleasant home and those beloved employments, soon to be rudely broken up, and the warm utterance of his gratitude to that Divine Being who had guided him step by step through his course thus far, making even seeming adversity contribute to his real good. His health, after its temporary interruption in very early life, had been uniformly good, sustained by his habits of active exercise, and by that variety in his pursuits which made change with him supply the place which mere rest does with others. His disposition was naturally cheerful, and this tendency he considered to be promoted by his religious views. Rather perhaps should we say, that his views of religious philosophy were themselves modified by his cheerful piety. To believe that every event was predetermined by an inexorable fate, would, to most men, be a source of discouragement and sadness. To Priestley it was not so ; for, in that supposed fate, he still recognized the wisdom of the Supreme Disposer, and the love of the Universal Father.

B.

[To be continued.]

MEMORY OF FRIENDS.

It is a beautiful arrangement of the world, that we commonly forget the failings and wrong-doings of those near to us, soon after they are gone ; while their excellences come out like the stars at night, and show us a whole heaven of beauty we had not been conscious of before. — *Theodore Parker.*

RANDOM READINGS.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES,—A LESSON FOR THE HOUR.

We have made a "raid" into the study of a friend in a neighboring city, and carried off a portion of one of his manuscripts. The author and owner resisted most stoutly, as his manner is: but we got the victory; and our readers will rejoice in the fruit thereof, and gain new courage and hope in this trying hour. E.

WE may observe the operation of this same restoring, rebeautifying principle, on a broader scale, in the life and experience of nations. There are periods in every nation's history, of convulsion and strife and threatening destruction, that are the farthest possible from being beautiful, but which yet serve as the basis, the body, over which time and Providence weave their new fabrics to clothe them with an exceeding loveliness, and the charming graces of a new and higher life. All histories furnish illustrations of this; but we need not go away from home or beyond the present hour to find one. The condition of our own nation is just now the farthest possible removed from that happy adjustment and harmonious operation of the social forces, which awaken a sense of the beautiful. There is no beauty in this deadly strife that rends us; no beauty in the havoc of the battlefield, and the ploughing-up of fair regions for the harvest of death, instead of the life-giving fruits of the earth; none in the hospitals thronged with the sick and wounded, and vocal with their groans; none in burning towns or burning ships, or ports closed against the benign access of commerce; none in the wasting of the resources of a people, and the fruits of their industry, for mutual destruction; none in the anxieties that weigh down the cheerfulness, and disturb the slumbers, of thousands of households waiting for the tidings of life or death from their beloved; none in the multitudes flying in terror and destitution from their ravaged homes, and the chase of the marauder; none in the civil strife that accompanies the military strife with an almost equal rancor and peril. There is the opposite of all pleasantness and all loveliness in every immediate aspect of this dire and hideous conflict,—death, pain and grief, ugliness and ashes. And can any beauty ever grow out of all this, and take the place of it? Certainly there can and ought and

will. If this people continue true to themselves, their traditions, and their principles, and worthy of the mighty trust of liberty and nationality that has been transmitted to them ; if there is in them the strength and persistency that becomes the sons of noble sires ; if they faint not, nor grow weary, under the burdens and toils and sacrifices that come to test them, as they come, once in a while, to test every people, and prove whether they have a right to be, and are fit to be, a nation, or not ; if they carry out to its rightful result the work laid upon them by the dread exigencies of the time, counting not the cost, and unseduced by the blandishments of a false, premature, and precarious peace ; if they stand immovable on the rock of their duty and the right, till the storm is overpast, and the peace of honor and of righteousness shall have come ; if it shall be so with this people, — and the contrary supposition is too humiliating to be entertained, and the prediction too insulting, that one should dare to put it into words, — then, I say, beauty *shall* be given for all this ashes ; and all these shocking spectacles that affright the land shall be changed by spiritual transmutation into sights of a thrilling grandeur and loveliness. Garments rolled in blood shall become very beautiful as the symbols of a nation's rehabilitation. The scenes of havoc shall clothe themselves, in coming years, with glorious memories, such as make a nation's history its high inspiration and its vital breath. The sacrifices that have been made will become precious to contemplate, for the nobleness which they bring forth, and which survives them for ever ; making them the wisest and the happiest things in the experience of a man and of a people. Thrilling remembrances, and traditions of heroic deeds performed, and sufferings heroically borne, shall make the households of the land beautiful with honor, thanks, and joy, in place of the griefs and anxieties of the present time. There will be beauty in the nation's fair fame restored in the eyes of the world, and commanding the reverence of mankind. There will be a supreme beauty for all men to rejoice in, in that day's sunlight, when the banners of war shall be furled, and its weapons laid aside, not in abject fear and shameful submission, but in a warfare accomplished, and the thing done, which, under the compulsions of Providence, we had set our hands to do. There will be beauty in the fair robes of freedom taking the place of the fetters of bondage. There will be beauty in the sight of a great empire omnipotent under God for its

own maintenance, and strong for all the benign functions of instruction and power and humane influence among the nations.

Such is the beauty that is waiting to clothe all these horrible scenes and events, and make them worth to our posterity, in coming generations, infinitely more than they have cost us of this generation. Great names and noble characters will shine out of all this smoke and death and ashes, to be a treasure and an inspiration to all after-ages, — stars in the national firmament, lights along the shores of time, and spells wherewith to arouse the heroisms and patriotic ardors of souls yet unborn, and nations yet to be. So it shall be beauty for ashes, if we are found faithful; so planting and watering that God may give the increase as he would, and bring forth the beauty that he loves.

Such is the law and intent of the good God throughout all his works. In the scenes of nature, in the experiences of the individual soul, in the career of nations, everywhere, he knows how to give beauty for ashes. Let us contemplate these blessed doings with adoring awe, with devout thanksgivings, with unflinching hope, and a firm and cheerful co-operation.

PONS SUSPIRIORUM.

(FRAGMENT OF A LATIN VERSION OF THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS.")

A FRIEND sends us the accompanying poem. We have not become perverted, as the word is, to Romanism that we should abandon the vernacular, and print our magazine in Latin; but we have promised to supply something occasionally for our younger readers, and, we fear, have hardly made the promise good. Now, let them betake themselves to their dictionaries; and whilst they translate and read, not without the help of the English, if they will, let them ask, "Could this tender poem, so pervaded by the spirit of love and pity and forgiveness, have been written by any Roman Horace? Is it not itself a most eloquent witness to the new life which has come into our world through Him who made the old commandment a new commandment, and taught us to love?" What an amazement it would have been to the literati of Rome, had such verses as these been laid before them at the banquet of some Mæcenas!

E.

En! cui miserrimæ
Tæduit sortis!
Exit temerrime,
Avida mortis.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ!

Heu! quam hærente
(Quasi funebre)
Peplo madente
Labitur crebre
Fluctus instanter!
Tollas amanter,
Non indiganter!

Ne aspernare
Sæve, profane,
De ea rere
Mite, humane,
Fædum quod nuper est
Nesciens; — superest
Femina mere.

De contumacia
Ne judicetur,
Ejus audacia
Ne condemnetur!
Omne quod secus
Mittere præstat;
Nil nisi decus
Mortuæ restat.

Quodvis sit turpe
Quo maculata,

Evæ de stirpe
Tamen est nata.
Labia tergite
Ista de gurgite
Squale fædاتا!

Pectine lapsos
Collige crines,
Cum ubi domus
Mirans divines.
An ei pater?
An ei mater?
Fraterve, sororve?
Omni cariorve
Propinquo amator?

Hei! quam exigua,
Orbe terrarum,
Vera clementia
Christicolarum!
Urbe contigua,
Tanta frequentia
Ædium millium,
Hæc domicilium
Reperit nullum.

Fratrum, sororum,
Parentum amborum,
Cor est mutatum
Propter peccatum;
Numen ipsum iratum
Jam aversatum
Visum est ei.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ!

F. H. H.

THE indulgence of self-will never yields us peace, even if it procures us the full measure of our desires; but we have peace the instant we renounce it. Denying it, we can never be unhappy; indulging it, never happy. — *Pascal*.

HOW TO BURN COAL.

PITY it is, not to learn something through the spur of high prices. It is said that most persons who attempt to burn coal waste full one-half of it: so, for the benefit of all such, we transcribe the following rules from a book which bears the title, "Things not generally known:"—

First, To make a coal-fire. On the wood and shavings beneath place just only a dozen lumps of egg-coal. In ten minutes add twenty more. As soon as the wood has burned out, fill the cavity half or two-thirds full.

Second, Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the coldest weather.

Third, When the fire is low, never shake the grate nor disturb the ashes, but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal, and let the draught be open. When these are heated through, and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a new fire; but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draught be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited, and will keep the stove at high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather.

Fourth, For very cold weather. After the fire is made, according to rule first and third, add every hour about fifteen or twenty lumps of egg-coal. You will find that the ashes made each hour will be about in that ratio.

s.

TEST OF INSANITY.

PERHAPS no question has more often perplexed juries than the question of insanity; and on no fact is the testimony more variant or contradictory. It is said, however, that there is one invariable test: insane persons never tell a story twice alike. Dr. Wigan says, "I cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, and social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series. To repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person, is, I believe, always impossible in the very mildest case of insanity." Shakspeare knew of this; for he makes Hamlet say, whose sanity was called in question,—

"Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reward which madness
Would gambol from."

s.

"UTTERANCE" is the title of a volume of poems published twelve years ago by Caroline A. Briggs, now Mrs. Mason, and which is not now to be bought. We copy below one of its gems such as we think ought not to be "out of print:" —

"A STRANGE PULPIT."

[A fact which occurred somewhat recently in India on the occasion of the great festival of Juggernaut.]

Onward like some mighty demon rolls the huge colossal car;
While the jaded crowd, slow-yielding, shrink before its iron jar.

Shrined in its unholy bosom, stands the idol grim and bold,
Juggernaut, — the worshipped monster, — tricked with silk and burnished gold.

Shouts and cries and wild responses vex the blessed tropic air,
Where the golden sunset, pausing, calls instead to praise and prayer.

Thou dear God, in all this mockery, this unhallowed strife and din, —
Hast thou not one faithful witness, strong to unmask the frightful sin?

So from 'mongst the maddened concourse springs one firm and stalwart
form,

With his broad brow raised and brightening, rainbow-like above the
storm.

Courage! — he has gained the terrace, and with lifted eyes he stands
In the idol-car, confronting its grim god with folded hands.

From his lips no fiery outburst like a fierce sirocco rolls;
But his calm, persuasive accents sway that tide of living souls: —

"Come to Jesus, O ye weary, toiling on, yet still unblest!
Jesus is the sinner's refuge; Jesus is the sinner's rest."

How the rapt crowd gather round him, hanging on his lips of flame,
As they kindle with the utterance of that well-beloved name!

Oh auspicious, happy omen! Christ's dear banner is unfurled
From the very gates of Satan to the wide gaze of the world!

Glorious deed! — no nation's plaudit crowns it with immortal bays:
But the God of nations heeds it, and its meed shall be his praise;

And its savor, wide diffusing, yet shall reach the farthest shore,
Till the whole earth swells the chorus, "God is Lord for evermore!"

THE CENTURY-FLOWER.

BY REV. E. A. WASHBURN, D.D.

[A friend sends us the following beautiful effusion credited to the "United-States-Service Magazine."]

'Tis noon of night! in slumber pale
The dreaming soul of Nature lies :
Now lifts the flower its mystic veil,
And flashes morning from its eyes.
A hundred years of waning earth,
Of frost and sunbeams, blight and bloom ;
And man that saw its infant birth —
A frailer flower — has sought the tomb.

A hundred years ! what empires sped
As eddies on the whirling tide !
Lands reeled beneath Napoleon's tread,
And greater Goethe sang and died ;
Yet dumb in shadowy stillness strange,
Those fringed eyelids wait the hour,
Till, ripening through each mighty change,
It blooms, — Time's rich full-opened flower.

A hundred years ! the soul of Truth
Fettered has lain in death-like rest ;
Yet lives a thought, its budding youth
Wrapped in some holy prophet's breast.
It dawns ! the spell of ages breaks !
Stately it towers o'er barren men,
A world of perfumed beauty wakes,
Then drops its seed to rise again.

A hundred years ! our fathers lie
Calm-sleeping in the field of toil :
We build ; we drive the ploughshare by,
Heedless of aught beneath the soil.
Silent through day, through lingering night,
Still grew the bud : but see ! the morn !
See ! burst the glorious petals white,
And FREEDOM'S CENTURY-FLOWER IS BORN !

STATES RESEMBLING DEATH.

WHEN the laws of life are better understood, we shall see how shockingly it has been wasted. The author of "Man and his Relations" says, in his chapter entitled "States resembling Death," that an association was formed in Holland, whose special object was to restore drowned persons to consciousness. The best means and appliances were studied; and, in the course of a few years, one hundred and fifty persons were restored: in some instances, those who had been a whole hour in the water were brought back to life. When we consider, that, with us, *fifteen minutes*, and, for the most part, *ten minutes*, is the limit beyond which there is no hope of restoration, and certain death is supposed to have ensued, — what numbers are lost every year from sheer ignorance of the means of resuscitation! A beautiful boy, for instance, was drowned in a neighboring river. The body was recovered within ten minutes, — and there it lay with parted locks and ruddy cheeks, more beautiful than ever, in death; the organism all perfect and unimpaired, the machinery of life all ready to be set going again. But there was no knowledge or skill available to do it. And this is one case of a thousand where the mysterious springs of life needed only to be slightly touched to resume their motion. The same writer says, on the authority of a French author, that ninety-four cases of providential rescue from premature burial occurred in France within a short time; cases where death was apparent, but not real. In some instances, after ten days of suspended animation, life has come back, and all its healthful functions been restored. What wonder that the lamented Prescott, whose imagination was haunted by these cases, left such directions to his friends as to make doubly sure the extinguishment of consciousness before burial!

s.

FANCIES, with me, depend not upon weather. I have my storms and my sunshine within: the success or reverses of my affairs, even, affect me little. I like to set myself against Fortune; the very glory of overcoming her elates me: and, on the other hand, I sometimes feel depressed in the midst of prosperity. — *Pascal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Works of John Stuart Mill.—The heart of every loyal American warms towards JOHN STUART MILL as one of the ablest and stanchest friends and defenders of the cause of the Federal Union, and the leader of liberal thought, in England. It is with unusual pleasure, then, that we welcome an edition of his writings originally selected by himself. William V. Spencer republishes, in three handsome large duodecimo volumes, "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," embodying Mr. Mill's best and maturest thoughts on a wide range of subjects. They are printed in clear type, on tinted paper, which offers a page very refreshing to the eye, and furnished at a price highly considerate in times like these.

The first volume opens with "The Contest in America," which was published in "Fraser's Magazine" during the first year of our present struggle; and it is surprising, on reading it over, what a clear discernment he had of the elements of the strife at its future stages of development, and its probable issue, and this at a time when British statesmen were only prophesying for us evil and disaster. The article on "The Slave Power," published in the "Westminster Review," in October, 1862, being a review of Professor Cairnes's work, is contained in the third volume of Mr. Spencer's edition. It is a clear and admirable summary of the essential facts of Professor Cairnes's volume, and embodies more truth than we ever saw before in the same space, touching the blight of slavery upon the soil of the country, and the character of a people. This article did much to enlighten and at least mitigate English sentiment in relation to our affairs. Neither of these articles is found in the English edition.

There are two articles on Grote's "Greece," evincing profound scholarship, and helping to a just appreciation of one whom we regard as the most accomplished historian of the modern age.

The author's theories of moral philosophy are embodied in two elaborate articles,—one upon Coleridge, and one upon Jeremy Bentham; in a review of Whewell's "Moral Philosophy;" and in the paper on "Utilitarianism," which is a treatise complete in

itself. The historical articles are rich in matter ; among the more extended of which is a review of Michelet's "History of France."

The vast range of research and varied scholarship is the first impression of the reader as he opens these fresh and beautiful volumes. The method of treatment commends them still more. Mr. Mill is a reformer, his mind ever open to catch the first gleams of the coming light. But his mind is the most evenly balanced of any with which it is our privilege to commune. He has none of the one-sidedness of Macaulay, never giving the least tinge of prejudice and passion, never sacrificing truth to a fine period or a striking antithesis, but giving it back from his mind in pure uncolored rays ; and yet he has more insight and more political wisdom than Macaulay. His great candor and comprehension win our respect and admiration ; and his ever-living sympathy in the cause of human liberty and progress wins our love. In style he is concise, but always clear ; never extravagant, but always blood-warm ; and, even through his philosophical discussions, there are the throbbings of his broad and gentle humanity. His publisher has done an excellent service, and deserves ample encouragement in his effort to extend the influence of a mind whose powers have been excited with distinguished ability on the side of liberal principles. s.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various sources, preceded by his autobiography. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Third edition. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. — There is not much incident in the life of Jean Paul ; but there have been few men whose spiritual life was more intense. He woke the enthusiasm of all Germany ; and by his grotesque and all-pervading humor, transfused through his voluminous writings, his genius perhaps poured sunshine into as many hearts as did the genius of Walter Scott. This volume of Miss Lee is made up of selections from his letters and history, and criticisms of his works, with incidents of domestic and social life. The selections are made with excellent taste and judgment from material, which, as a whole, would swell to nearly twenty volumes. The autobiography prefixed has the charm of Jean Paul's more quiet, humorous moods. To enjoy and fully appreciate this biography, you should read simultaneously Jean Paul's works, especially those two masterpieces of his genius, which Ticknor & Fields have put within the reach of English readers ; viz., "Titan" and "Hesperus." s.

A New Philosophical Work.—Walker, Wise, & Company have issued a volume of 453 pages entitled “Philosophy as Absolute Science founded on the Universal Laws of Being, and including Ontology, Theology, and Psychology made one as Spirit, Soul, and Body.” By E. L. and A. L. FROTHINGHAM. The present volume is only the first of a series: it treats only of ontology, and is complete in itself.

A work like this, so elaborate and exhaustive, rising into the realm of pure thought and absolute science, marks an era in our literature. Nothing like it has been attempted since Jonathan Edwards; and he attempted nothing so complete as the present work. It promises to explain all the hard problems, and reconcile the differences and inconsistencies which beset philosophy, theology, and anthropology, and have perplexed mankind, and split them into sects and parties, from the beginning of time. The promise certainly is very large; the writers evince great metaphysical acumen, and power of analysis; they give the result of long years of close study and intense thought; they are perfectly sure that they have the clew that unravels the mysteries of the universe, and they are fairly entitled to an attentive hearing, and, what is more, to patient study, from all thoughtful minds.

We only give now the fundamental principle of their system, on the truth or falsity of which their whole metaphysical structure must stand or fall. They start with denying the fundamental postulate of the emanation theories of the oriental religions, prominent especially in the system of Zoroaster, and revived by Swedenborg, that God created all things out of himself; and they deny with equal emphasis the cosmogony of the Christian Church, whose prime article is, that God created all things out of nothing, which is impossible and supremely absurd. These theories lead alike and inevitably to Pantheism and Atheism. In opposition to them both, they posit as the ground of all existence,—

First, The Sphere of Infinite Law subsisting as LIFE ITSELF, individualized as Absolute Life, or the Infinite Laws of Spirit; Absolute Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Substance; and Phenomenal Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Matter.

Secondly, Finite Law subsisting as DEATH ITSELF, individualized as Absolute Death, or the Finite Laws of Spirit; Absolute Substance, or the Finite Laws of Substance; Phenomenal Substance, or the Finite Laws of Matter.

These two absolute spheres, one Life itself and the other Death itself, are placed over against each other as opposite poles. The old doctrine of an original, eternally subsisting chaos, the hylie realm of the Gnostics of darkness and death, over against the infinite life and light, is here asserted in a different form. Hereby the gulf of Pantheism is securely avoided, and also the hideous doctrine that evil is a creation of God, or an emanation from his nature.

By marriage between these two spheres of Infinite Life and Absolute Death, Messrs. Frothingham evolve their doctrine of a tri-personal God, the creation of the universe, and the universal laws of being, — to know with what success, the reader must study their books. We have only read as yet, for the first time, about two hundred pages, protesting and rejecting all the way; seeing no proof but simple assumption in the two absolute spheres of Life and Death; never understanding how two spheres internally in opposition are brought into marriage by "external attraction;" protesting against the introduction of evil and regenerative processes into the nature of God; seeing nothing in the tri-personality but confusion worse confounded; seeing nothing in this eternal dualism better than the old Gnosticism, nor so good as Parseism, in which the dualism was finally reconciled; protesting against making truth, or the masculine principle, internal and good, the feminine principle external and destructive, as turning things upside down and inside out; holding ourselves ready to be converted, however, if, when we get to the four hundred and fifty-third page, we can find our darkness relieved, and the mysteries of the universe resolved. But we do not presume to pass judgment upon the system here set forth, till we have read the book thoroughly through. We rejoice that such a book has been written, as showing that the love of abstract truth and pure metaphysical science has not died out in our wide-spread and enervating naturalism, and that there are profound thinkers and reasoners that reject the sheer sensualism of Kant, who never finds the way out of phenomenal existence, and takes from us the keys of knowledge; and of Sir William Hamilton, who only finds the way by miracle, and, even at that, leaves the gulf between the finite and the infinite as yawning and impassable as ever. Whatever conclusions the readers of this book may come to in regard to its theories, they will find it a powerful tonic to their intellectual powers. s.

Essays on Social Subjects, from the "Saturday Review." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. — A volume of essays will hardly get justice from the reader, unless the papers are read at intervals, as indeed they, in most cases, have appeared, before the scattered leaves were gathered into a book. The essayist may be very lively or a little prosy, it matters not: you must take breath between the readings, or the effect will be akin to that of "Familiar Quotations" or "Elegant Extracts," or even, shall we say it? of that very valuable, but not specially entertaining volume, — "Worcester" unabridged, though not in these days of progress unadorned. These essays are far above the average in good thinking and good writing. Read at many sittings, they will edify and entertain. The writer not seldom penetrates beneath the surface, and gives token of a discerning and an honest mind. Take as a very small specimen the following: "In fact, a man never makes a poorer figure than in thus unscrupulously discarding as prejudices what he had impressed upon others as convictions. While he parades his emancipation with the airy elation which belongs to this attitude of mind, we think him shallow and trivial. He has, after all, seen no deeper into things than we have: his confidence has been but a knack, a trick of the tongue. It does not happen to the stronger class of minds — minds privileged to influence others — thus to turn round upon their own congenial prejudices. There is too much truth in them as they see them." Think of that, my friend, before you turn round and assail your own companions in any faith or practice. Be sure at least that you understand yourself this time.

E.

Fireside Travels. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Professor Lowell has brought together into this volume some prose writings which had become or were becoming fugitive, and needed to be restrained of their liberty. The reader will neither nod over them, nor look towards the end to see how much still remains to be read. Lowell is never dull; nor yet is he for ever smart. Writing out of a well-furnished mind, and with the aid of a poet's imagination, he never lacks illustration or image. He has not the gift of dryness. He has an eye which can see, and a tongue which can tell the vision, whether of our common day or of mere ideal hours. The book is pleasant and instructive, and it ought to have been a bigger book.

E.

The Poems of Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.—“The Blue and Gold” have not succumbed to the pressure of the times; and there comes to us, in this bright attire, a charming little volume of Bayard Taylor’s Poems. We extract a part of the modest dedication “To my Friends,” because it will bring to the reader, better than any words of ours, the sweet spirit of the book.

“You also, Friends, that wear the Artist’s crown
Or, wearing not, the crown to others bring,
You do not ask my measure of renown,
But wait, content to hear, as I to sing.

Your love upholds me in the silent days,
And in the tuneful nights I give to art:
These leaves are yours, to whom their speech betrays
The changeful fancy and the changeless heart.”

E.

Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning, and the early History of Brown University. By REUBEN ALDRIDGE GUILD. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

No extended history of Brown University has ever been published, though it was founded a century ago. This volume is a near approach to such a history, and will be of special value to all graduates of that University, and to all members of the Baptist denomination, who take any interest in the progress of their own sect, and its distinguishing principles as illustrated in the lives of its most eminent worthies. This volume is illustrated by the portraits of Manning the founder, and of Hon. Nicholas Brown the liberal benefactor, of the University, and by two wood-cuts, — one of the college buildings, and the other of the First Baptist church in Providence.

S.

Ruth: A Song in the Desert. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, Washington Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A simple and touching story of human sorrow and divine consolation; well fitted to uphold the steps of those — and in these days they are many — whose path is thickly overgrown with thorns.

E.

Poems of the War. By GEORGE H. BOKER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

These poems are patriotic and full of fire. “The Ballad of New Orleans” paints the scene of the battle, which gave the city into the hands of Farragut, with the vivid pencil of Walter Scott.